The Bystander, April 6, 1921 No. 905. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

APRIL SHOWERS

"Wish I'd been more careful of this umbrella when the sun shone!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540. 2.30 and 7.45.
M. TAMARA KARSAVINA, CECILIA LOFTUS, TENA LERNER, GENE GERRARD, ARTHUR PRINCE & "JIM," Etc.

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Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, April 4.
WOLKOWSKY RUSSIAN BALLET, LITTLE TICH, BILLY MERSON, RUTH VINCENT, MAIDIE SCOTT, PERCY HONRI, BARKER & WYNNE, THE KEYSTONES, Varieties.

ADELPHI. Nightly at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.
"THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS."
W. H. BERRY, Lily St. John, Amy Augarde, GEORGE GROSSMITH.
Box Office 10 to 10. Gerrard 2645.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8.
MATINEES, TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). MARIE LÖHR
in "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE."
Nightly at 9. Matinées, Wed., and Sat., at 3.
Preceded at 8.30 (Mats. 2.30) by Thornley-Dodge.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3687). "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL."
MAGGIE TEYTE, Cecily Debenham, Lauri de Frece, Jack Hulbert.
EVERY EVENING at 8.
MATINÉES, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.15.

NEW. MATHESON LANG in his GREAT SUCCESS
"THE WANDERING JEW."
E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play.
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903). "POLLY WITH A PAST."
Every Evening at 8.15.
EDNA BEST, DONALD CALTHROP.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY.
KYRLE BELLEW.
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINEES, THURS. and SAT., at 2.30.

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LEICESTER

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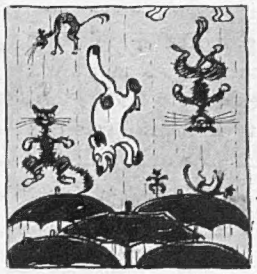
ADAMS

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A colour cure for convicts is a new idea.

Also jumpers made of beads for Jill and Jane—



It rained cats and dogs last Easter Monday

By Victor Hicks

And the Census man will soon *look round* again.

Last Wednesday

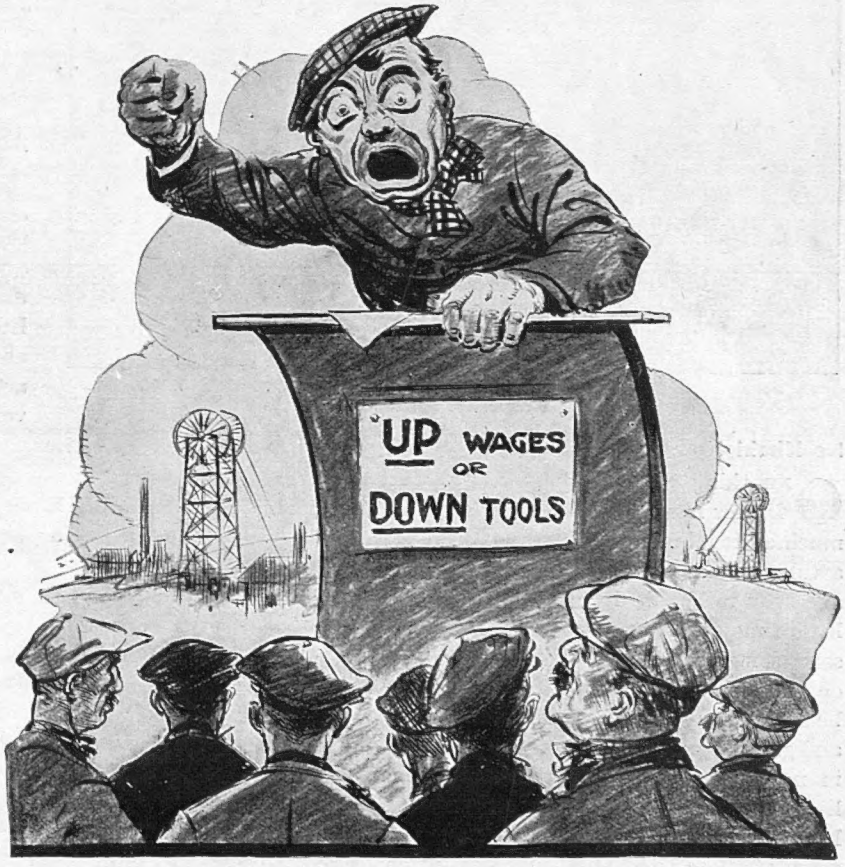
CAN you remember your first Boat Race Day? If, as is probable, it happened during your own undergraduate career, the race itself most likely appeared at the time to be an episode — a most important one, of course, but still an episode—in a day full of junketings which ended with an evening of glorious conviviality—glorious as a matter of course, and only more glorious if your own *alma mater's* representatives got to Mortlake first. I am reminded of these considerations because, while Boat Race Day is to the average undergraduate a whole day of festival, to thousands of Londoners it is a matter of—just four or five minutes! I suppose at no vantage point along the course can the racing crews be seen for any longer period, and yet on Wednesday last something like half a million people spent anything from four or five hours to at least an hour in getting and holding on to their places, and probably another hour or more in reaching home, all for a short five minutes of excitement. And, thank heaven, it has been and always will be like that; for the Boat Race is a British Institution. If the Carpentier—Dempsey boxing match were a "free show," I doubt if it would "draw" half the crowd that turns out annually to watch, for five minutes, the play of dark and light blue blades.

No Longer the "Weaker" Sex

I SUPPOSE nobody nowadays thinks of women as the "weaker" sex in any sense of the word. Indeed, I wonder why anybody ever did. One has only to travel by bus or tube, or to find oneself in the mainly feminine throng coming out of a theatre, in order to realise their superiority in physical strength. Their constitutional strength is even more wonderful. On that very hot Thursday before Good Friday, when men discarded their overcoats and went about puffing and panting and mopping their brows in obvious distress, I could not help noting with wonder and admiration how women moved briskly about wearing great fur coats and cloaks, looking as cool and comfortable as the proverbial cucumber. A man wearing a fur coat that Thursday or Friday would have been regarded as an eccentric, a lunatic, or an advertisement.

Weatherproof

WHEN it comes to standing cold, woman's superiority is even greater. For example, have you ever realised the phenomenal power of resistance possessed by the once common female domestic servant? On winter nights, when burly policemen are closely buttoned up in double-breasted overcoats, you shall see her all over London going out to post letters at the nearest pillar-box. She wears neither coat nor gloves, and her white apron flutters in the Arctic breeze. And does she scurry

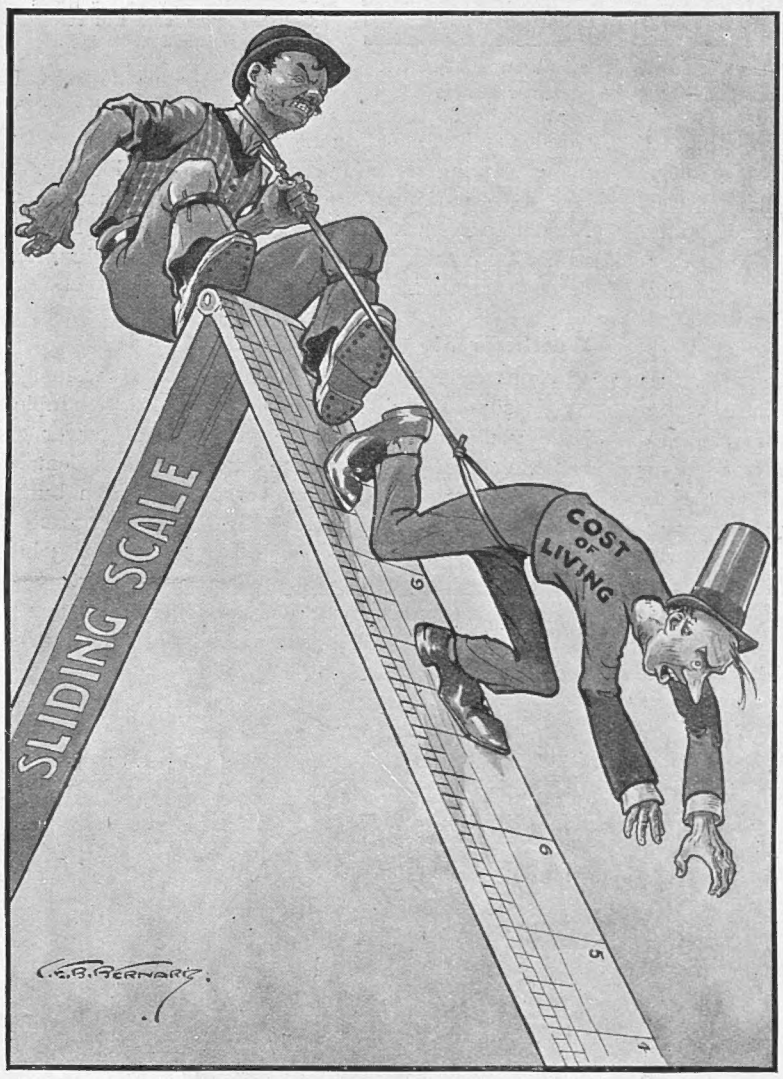


By MacMichael

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE "BLUSTER"!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

back to the fire when the letters are posted? Not she. She will stand, preferably at the windiest corner on her route, and chat with her brothers and male cousins as comfortably as if it were midsummer. They, of course, are overcoated, gloved and mufflered—and stamp their feet. Next morning, if you are a very early bird, you shall see her on her knees, in a print dress, with her sleeves tucked up, washing the front door steps. Such things would kill the sturdiest of men.



OVER THE TOP By C. E. B. Bernard

No Khaki Now

One thing only really struck my attention on Easter Monday. In every way the day seemed much as usual in London. But in the evening I saw a tube train filled with young "Territorials," spick and span in khaki. I could not help thinking what a little time ago it was that in almost every train one saw some tired men wearing khaki, soiled—or decked?—with the mud of France and Flanders, bearing heavy packs surmounted by steel helmets, and grasping rifles that knew the deadliest "ranges" in military history. To think that there are men living now who used to crack jokes about the "Easter Monday soldier!" To think that very probably some of those tired men, just arrived on leave, had cracked such jokes themselves! Perhaps even the great Unknown who lies in Westminster Abbey had made this little joke. But he and his myriad brethren have removed it from the Book of Jests for ever.

The Virtues of Smoke

Somebody writing to support the *Times* in its campaign for the beautification of London says that the first thing to be done is to get rid of coal smoke. That may be all very well from several points of view, but, from the artistic point of view, I should like to ask him what he proposes to substitute for it. Her smoke is London's finest decorator. It adds to her many beauties and disguises some of her undeniable uglinesses. It may dim the radiance of the Albert Memorial—but is that altogether a misfortune? It certainly adds to the beauty of many beautiful things. Would you have St. Martin's Church washed and sandpapered? Then, look at London's big trees in Spring. It is only the other week that I spoke of the fairy-like beauty of the pale green leaves against their blackened trunks and branches. London turf may be a bit grimy but it looks greener than any other. Anyway, we do not want to lie about on it—those who do so in the summer time are more likely to make it grimier than to become more grimed themselves. I admit that there is a strong case against London's smoke—but not from the artistic point of view.

Royal Academy Aspirants

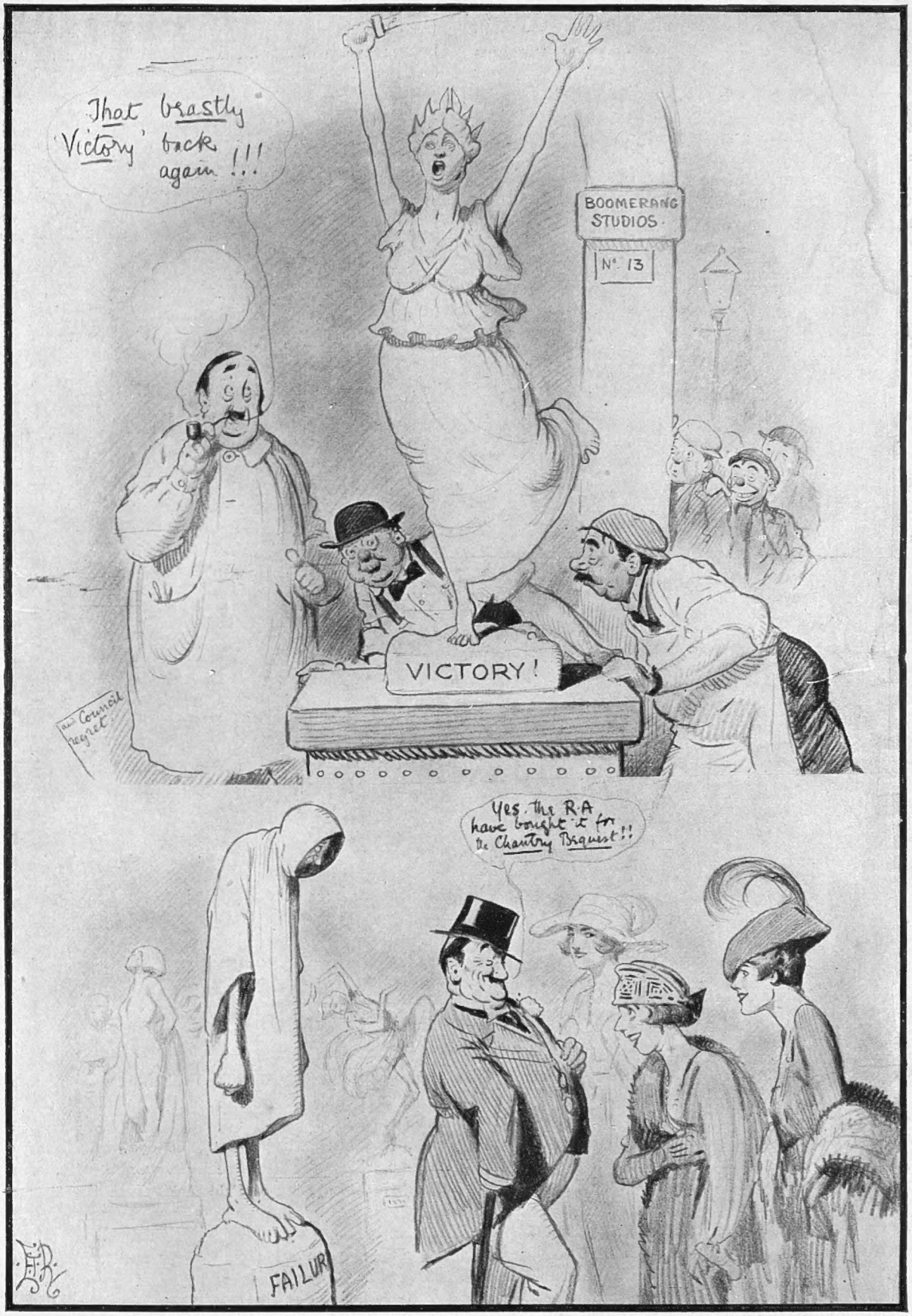
Just about now the papers have been talking a good deal about the selection of pictures and sculpture submitted by aspirants to the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy. One reads much about the "suspense" of the young artist who awaits its decision. "The verdict may make or mar him," says one writer. Another draws a heart-breaking picture of a young woman who has given up everything—even love—for her painting. Hitherto she has failed to get a picture accepted by the R.A., and we are given to understand that if she fails this year her life will be absolutely wrecked. As she is still in the twenties this is probably somewhat exaggerated. I have as much sympathy as anyone with the struggling un-arrived, whether in Art or anything else. But the sort of sympathy these writers express for them is entirely useless.

Necessary "Rejections"

This sort of writing is likely to make a large, and, from the buying point of view, very important section of the community attach too

(Continued on page 16)

Startling Paradox in the Art World

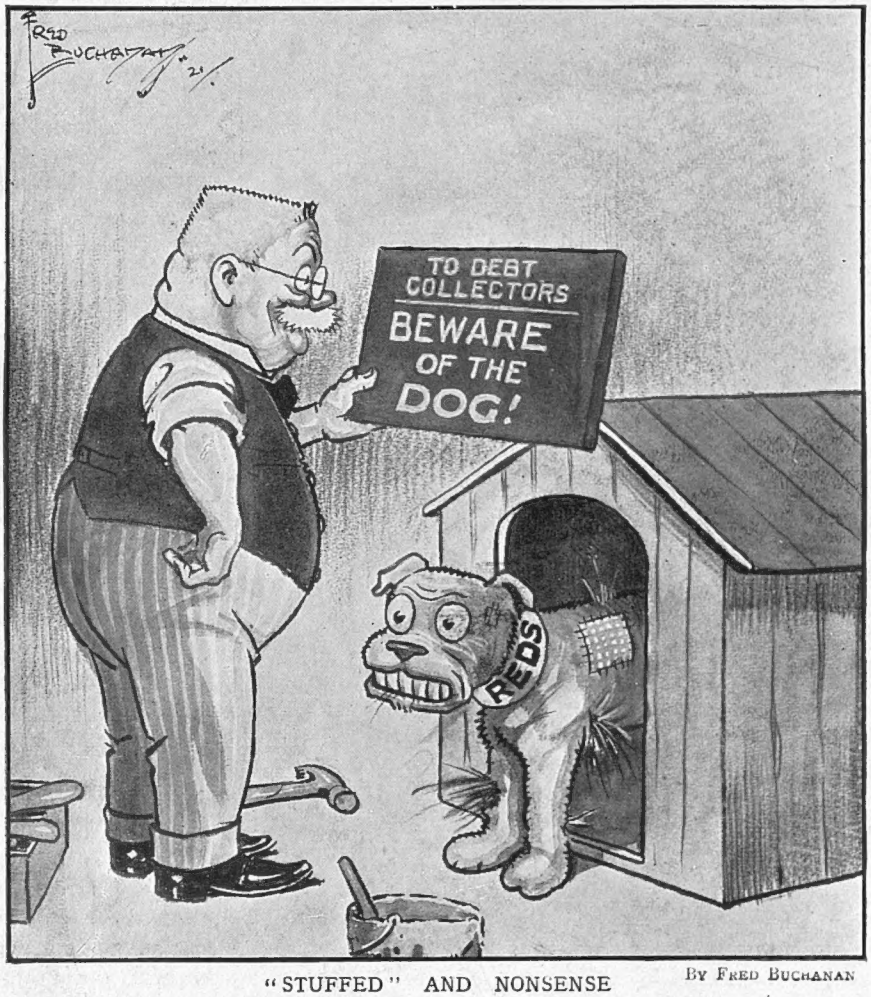


BY E. T. REED

Our good friend, Chipstone, the sculptor, sends in a superb "Victory" which is promptly rejected, while his emotional statue of "Failure" is an immediate success, and is eventually purchased by the Royal Academy, and Chipstone finds himself the "lion" of the Private View

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

much importance to the Royal Academy. It tends to make them think that no picture can be really good unless it has been hung in Burlington House. Too many people are already much too prone to think in this way. To disabuse their minds of this idea would surely be more likely to help the young aspirant than weeping over him or her. Remind people that there must be great numbers of pictures rejected that the Committee would gladly hang if there were space, and that some at least of these rejected are probably better than some of the accepted. To take an extreme case—if 1,000 portraits as good as Sargent's best were sent in, they could not all be hung, there must be some landscapes and seascapes and so forth, and so some of the best pictures of the year would have to be turned down.



"STUFFED" AND NONSENSE By Fred Buchanan

Danger of Alcoholic Sweets

I am all for looking after the children. Upon them depends the future of the race. It is good, therefore, to find that our Excise officers are on the alert. One of them the other day ran to earth a ruffian who was selling chocolates that contained alcohol. Any innocent child who might of a morning or afternoon eat some 3½ lbs. of these chocolates would, in so doing, consume a small tot of whisky at 30 u.p. When Christmas comes round again I trust that this officer will be appointed at the head of a large staff of demobilised bureaucrats to search out the plum puddings and mince pies that contaminate our little ones with poisonous spirits; to lay hands upon the brandy sauce; to see that no raisins steeped in blazing spirits shall minister to their precocious tastes under the camouflage of "Snapdragon." Tipsy-cake must be no more. Not again shall the brandy burn around and over the Christmas pudding.

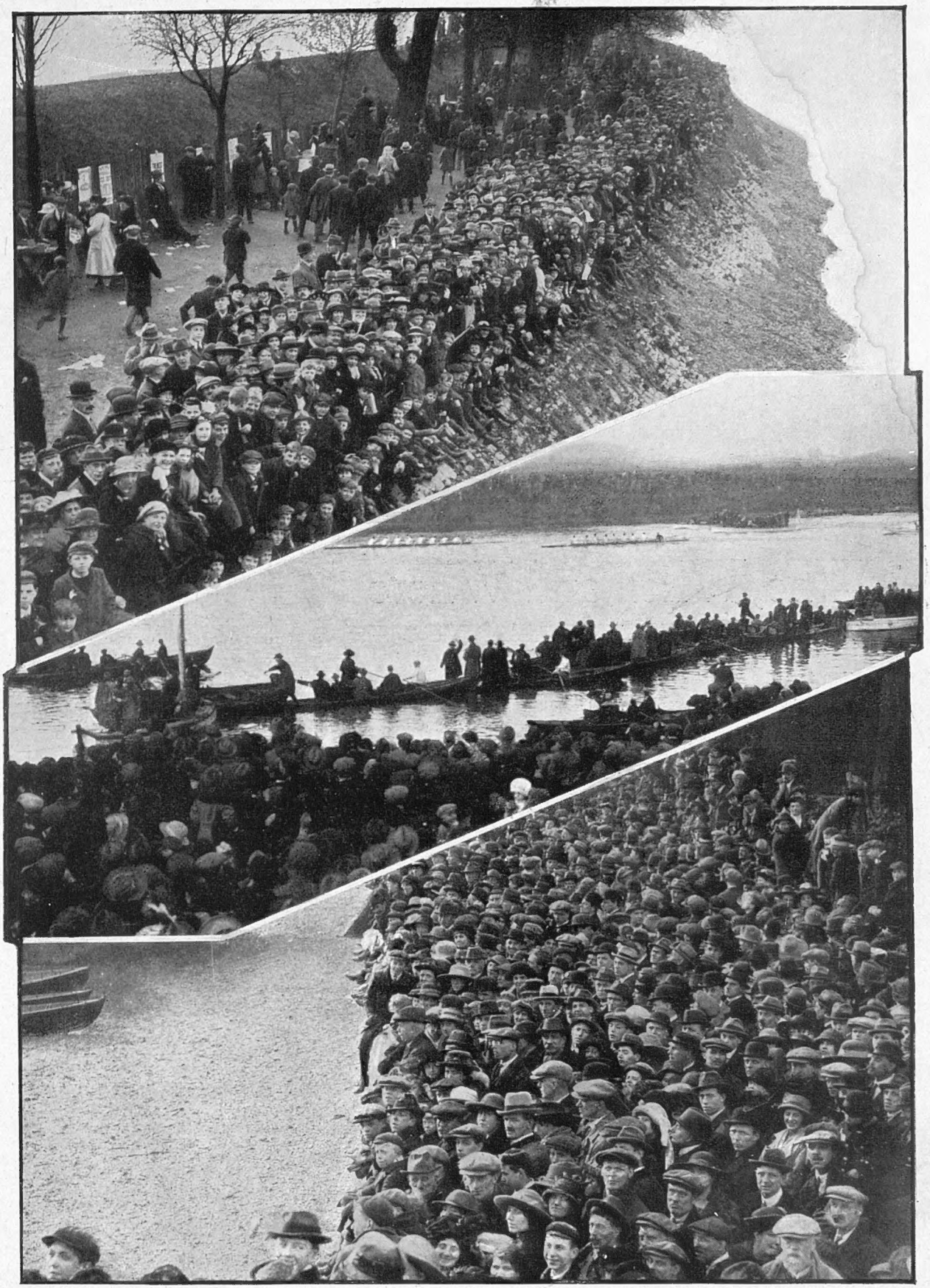
Another "Safety-First" Device

Following the introduction of rear signs for motor vehicles to indicate the intention to turn to right or left (which fell rather flat, by the way), I hear somebody has invented a more useful apparatus with the same purpose in view, for use by night. When the brake is applied an illuminated disc behind the car flashes up the word "stop," and by touching a button the words "left" or "right" are shown, to indicate a turn. I trust this idea will prove more popular than the rather ridiculous-looking "hand" which one still occasionally sees slung behind a van. But why limit it to the motor-car? There are lots of occasions when we are, unfortunately, inarticulate—until it is too late. For instance, how useful it would be to touch a button in the pocket when travelling by Tube during the "rush-hours" and have the words, "I am in a hurry" neatly lit up on a small brooch attached to the lapel of one's coat. Or, when "strap-hanging," another twist of the lever would tactfully show, "I have a touch of gout in my right foot." If anybody cares to take out a patent for this sort of thing, I only want quite a small percentage by way of commission!

An Unique Restaurant

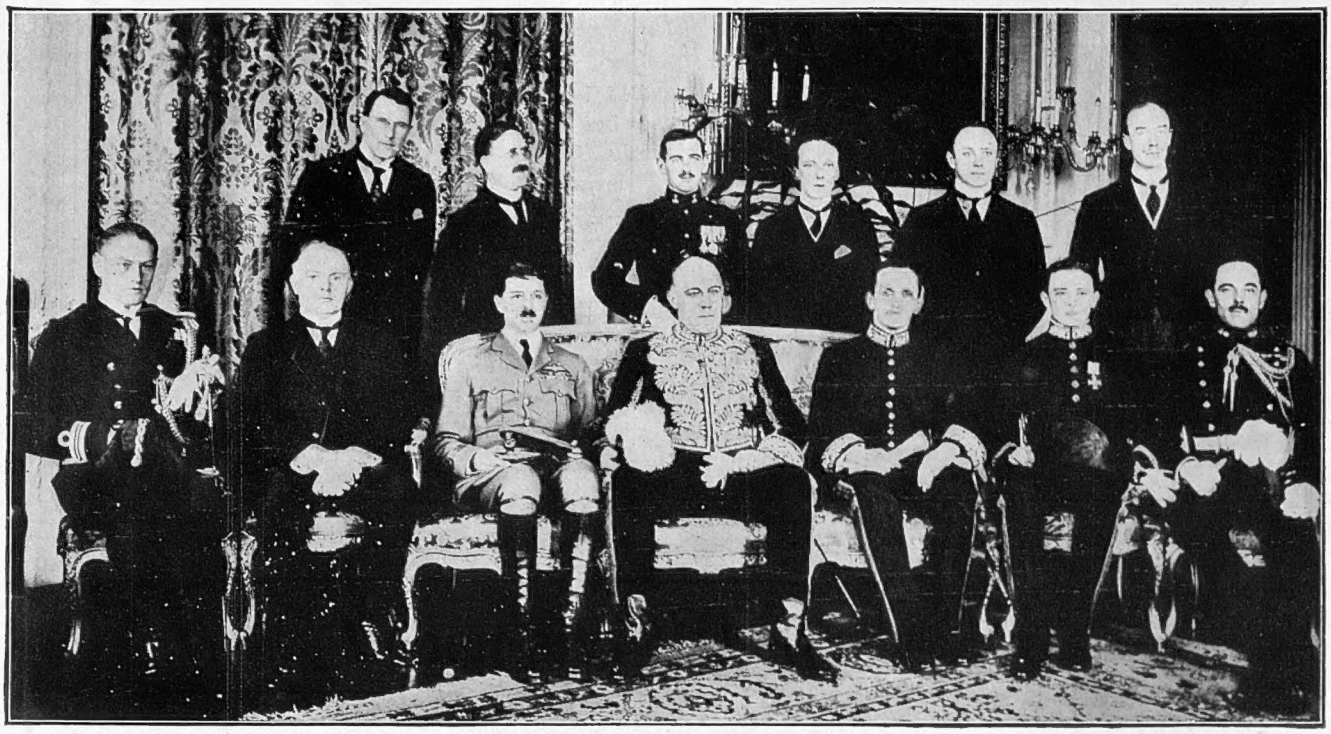
Lord Dewar presided at the inaugural dinner last week of London's newest restaurant, the Tuscan, which opened its doors to the public for the first time on Saturday last, at 67a, Shaftesbury Avenue. The interior is really a work of art. An elaborate broad staircase descends from the street, branching off at the bottom into a dining-room capable of seating 300 guests at one time. Right in the centre, surrounded by flowers and palms, is a large glass tank, where a number of fresh-water fish of various species disport themselves, awaiting selection by the diner. Any fish desired is netted and taken to the kitchen, where it is prepared and ready by the time you have finished your soup.

How Do They Do It?



Photographs G. P. U.

There were many hundreds of thousands at the Boat Race. How do they do it? The race was not due to start until five, it is true, but huge crowds were on the towing-path at ten in the morning, and by the middle of the afternoon "all London" was, apparently, by the Thames. It is the same with any other big event that takes place in the afternoon, "all London" flocks to see it. Are they all on half-time employment, or how do they manage it?



Photograph] OUR DIPLOMATS IN AMERICA *[Topical Press*

Sir Auckland Geddes (centre) and his staff just before leaving the British Embassy for White House to be received by President Harding

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Suggestion for the Albert Hall

A STATE performance at Covent Garden was always one of the functions during the visits of foreign Sovereigns if they descended upon our shores during the season. But this year Covent Garden is operaless, so, perhaps, when the King and Queen of the Belgians pay their State visit in the summer a State concert will take the place of a "command" performance of opera.

And what better setting for a State concert than the Albert Hall? Queen Victoria gave two State concerts there during the 'seventies for the Shah of Persia and the Tsar of Russia, but they were not repeated, I believe, because of the bad lighting of the hall in those days. Electricity has altered all that, and what a *coup d'œil* a tiara night at the Albert Hall would be!

Easter and Pence

THERE were no big house-parties in the country for Easter. Most of the truly great who were not abroad certainly left London, but, like the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir, they only gathered their families about them. It looks as if the big house-party were a gathering of the past, and unless conditions change it must remain a thing of yester-war. People can't afford to be hospitable on a large scale now.

A man who is in the first flight of those with big incomes—"unearned," of course—told me the other day that he had had his affairs gone into by a firm of actuaries, entirely independent of his agents, solicitors, etc. They sent him a statement such as they would have sent to a public company, and how much do you think was left for him to spend out of every pound sterling after taxation of every sort and variety was paid?

The lordly sum of four shillings and sixpence.

Of course, he has thousands of four and sixpences, but he is getting rid of his properties as quickly as he can, because with only four and sixpence out of every pound he can't keep them up properly or afford the staff and labour to run them.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

EARL AND LADY BEATTY

At the Royal Artillery meeting at Sandown Park last week

Prince Henry's Birthday

AT Windsor Prince Henry's twenty-first birthday was the great event of Easter. Of all the Royal striplings he resembles his eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, most closely, and has the same keenness for hunting and steeplechasing. The Prince is taking up polo this season, but Prince

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS VIOLET HILLMAN

Younger daughter of the late Mr. Bernard Hillman and Mrs. Middleton-Powell, of Courtenay Beach, Hove, whose marriage to Lieut. Maurice J. Mansergh, Royal Navy, second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Mansergh, of Elm Lea, Woking, takes place on Saturday at Hove

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

WEDDING OF A V.C.

Captain George Roupell, V.C., of the East Surrey's, leaving Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, with his bride, Miss Doris Sant, daughter of Captain Mowbray Sant, Chief Constable of Surrey

Photograph *Eva Barrett*

DAUGHTER OF HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR

Donna Guilia Nemes de Hidveg, the daughter of Count Nemes, Hungarian Ambassador to the Italian Court, was recently married to Don Guido Antici Mattei, son of Prince Antici Mattei

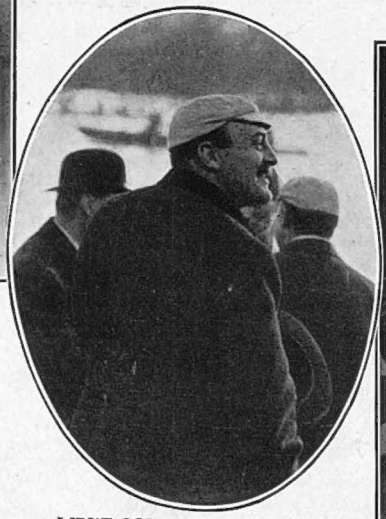
Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

COACH WINS A RACE

Lieut.-Colonel Gibbon, who coached the Cambridge Eight, unsaddling Caradoc II after winning the Royal Artillery Gold Cup at Sandown Park last week. Afterwards he motored back to Putney to watch his crew achieve a splendid victory

An Ancient Retainer's Devotion

You can tell heaps of things when people are dead, so here's a nice story for you. An old gentleman of seventy or onwards, a man of position, and who had made his mark in the world, died. His family were sitting in the drawing-room on the day before the funeral, when the butler, a man of lifelong service, and, consequently, privileged, beckoned the eldest son out of the room.



LIEUT-COLONEL GIBBON

Smiling after the result of the Boat Race, the winning crew of which he materially helped to success by his efficient coaching

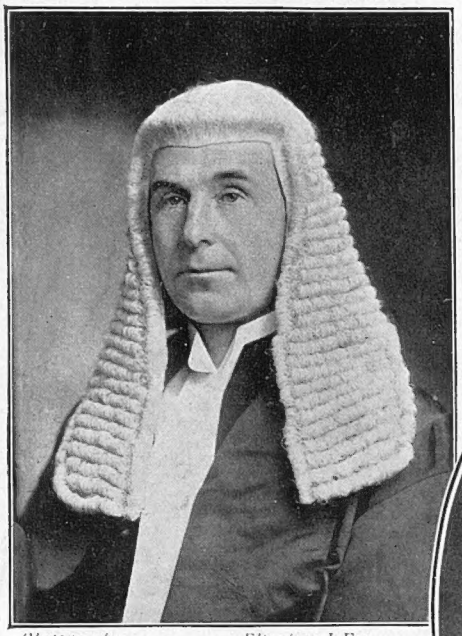
Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Leaving the London Rowing Club, prior to embarking on the Umpires' Launch, with Lord Ampthill, President of the London

Henry is already a remarkably good player, and a neat and deft tent-pegger. The next news, I expect, will be that he has been made a Duke, probably with a Scottish title. Edinburgh would please Scotland, and since the King gave his own title of Duke of York to his second son there is no reason why he should not give his uncle's title to his third son.

The gossips, not having succeeded in their match-making for the Heir to the Throne, are now very busy with the Duke of York. If they are right it would be a very popular choice, both in Society and the Navy.



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

SIR ROBERT HORNE

Who succeeds to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer on Mr. Austen Chamberlain becoming Leader of the House

" A difficult thing has happened, sir," he explained. " It would be terrible if her ladyship saw it. This has come ! "

" This " was a beautiful wreath. " But why shouldn't my mother see it ? " asked the son.

" There was a card on it, sir, and I was so afraid her ladyship might come out and see it I made so bold as to tear it up. It had on it, ' From his sorrowing Totsey '—awful for her ladyship, sir, to see that."

The son consulted his other brothers, but not one of them had ever heard of Totsey, and, without saying so, they all agreed with the old butler's remark as he hid the wreath under a pile of boxes, " Dearie me ! Dearie me ! I'm afraid the master must have been leading what they call a double life. Totsey, indeed ! "

A fortnight later the eldest son received a note from Tosti, the great song-writer, an old and intimate friend of his father—" As I have received no acknowledgment of the wreath I sent for my dear old friend, I wonder if it came."

Stage Training for the Boat Race

WHEN you remember the evergreen popularity of the Boat Race it is odd that you never hear any reference to it in plays—and most popular things are mentioned in plays. Only once, I believe, has it figured in a play, and that was *Formosa*, by the late Dion Boucicault. The hero—if I remember rightly—was stroke. The night before the race he painted London pink and purple, stayed up to the small hours in most questionable society, and led his boat to victory on the morrow. Mrs. Langtry revived the play at Drury Lane, but by that time people knew so much about training that they could not swallow the rowing hero who trained on champagne dinners and danced with ladies like Formosa when he ought to have been in his little bye-bye hours before.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who is to become President of the Board of Trade

Photograph *Topical Press*

PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA

With his bride, Princess Helena of Greece, leaving the Cathedral of Athens after the marriage ceremony

Warriors' Day and the Prince

WARRIORS' DAY was a success. In spite of all the ugly rumours that seats were not being booked as well as might be expected, the sums realised at the different theatres were extraordinarily good. The Prince of Wales made a special journey to Town in order to be present at the Hippodrome for the evening performance, and so great was the crowd that waited outside to greet him that it took me over a quarter of an hour to enter the theatre. When he entered, a burst of cheering, that shook the very walls, epitomised the feeling, which no words could express, how much the people love their Prince. Never, in my life, have I heard " God Save the Prince of Wales " sung with such mighty volume, with such feeling, such enthusiasm. It was a thrilling, inspiring sight. Karl Marx will never kill patriotism. Every reference to the Prince, every Royal " gag "—and there

Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

ADMIRAL SIR WALTER COWAN

Who has just succeeded Rear-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes in the command of the Battle-Cruiser Squadron of the Atlantic Fleet

Photograph *Central Press*

AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT STEEPLECHASES
Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill and Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, at the Tarporley Hunt Races

MRS. CLEMENT HOBSON
And the Vicomte de Lyrot on the racecourse at Nice

were many—brought the house down with a veritable thunder of applause. When Nellie Wallace threw that charming little kiss to H.R.H. she expressed the feelings of the whole house with admirable poignancy. His send-off was remarkable. For their splendid work and untiring endeavours to make Warriors' Day a success the theatrical profession in general have rendered splendid tribute to ex-Service men. The public thank them.

ON THE RIVIERA

THE regrettable thefts at Cannes, which, indirectly, in a world of sport, reflect hurtingly on the English, and the rumoured yachting romance have brought the season into a brilliance which even Cornuché did not dream of. The Poiret designs have become dull, and one no longer asks questions about Mme. Victor's jewels. Moving and serious things—things that matter have happened—and regret, painful regret, is the only word for it.

To meet queens is one thing, but to travel from Nice to Cannes in the rarefied atmosphere of lady tennis champions is quite another. There was a trio of them—charming women who might better have been employed being typists. They savoured of the suburbs—bank-clerks' delights all three. They coolly acknowledged that not baccarat, boule, nor roulette kept the Riviera prosperous, but tennis had saved the Côte d'Azur. One thing is certain, tennis has not turned this blue strand into a Concours de Beauté, and on that score tennis owes the Riviera a great debt.

THE women assembled for the athletic meeting at Monte Carlo are frankly of the honest, sporting type, with no social ambitions, and England has reason to be proud of the teams she has sent, for they have done well and look well in sprint, high jump, and basket ball, beating their French opponents in the latter by 8 to 2. The whole has been the healthiest, breeziest event that has happened for a long time, and one rejoices that the pigeon-shooting ground, with its inspiring views, has been put to such a sane and happy use.

"WELL OVER"
Mrs. Smart riding Countess de Toulouse Lutrech's "Sammy" at the recent Concours Hippique at Cannes

Photograph *E. Navello*

DOM MANUEL OF PORTUGAL
Setting off for the tennis courts at Cannes

MR. BALFOUR plays tennis at Cannes, somewhat feebly, perhaps. Bonar Law looks on. So did

General Sir Frederick Sykes. No comments were heard.

I saw Balfour dining at the Casino. It was a great night. His presence made it so; even professional dancers lost lustre. Lady Lowther was his hostess. He watched Marjorie Moss and Fontana do their inimitable Apache Dance, which agogs all spectators with its rhythmical realism. "*Mon Homme*" slogs his mistress and does her to death, and, the police appearing, he dances with the corpse till they disappear. It was difficult to tell whether or not Mr. Balfour liked this scena. It may have been danced again and again, but never, I dare say, before so mixedly exalted an audience—Grand Dukes, Duchesses, mere English Dukes, Cabinet Ministers, American millionaires, a Prince of Polignac, Mrs. Drexel, the Glasgows, the de Langleys, a Ranée, a Murati, Julie Thompson, Sir Coleridge Kennard, and the reported bejewelled favourite of Lenin.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Blandford were golfing at Mont Agel the other day, and where there's golf there's Scotland, and the right thing was to see Sir George Berry and the Mellises and Elliots of Mull and Gordon Lockhart on these links above the clouds. At Nice, too, golf is all the wear. The silver medal competition has just been played: J. H. Brooke (12) 1 up on bogey; Comte Adorni (14) all square. The Dukes of Leeds and Marlborough, Lord Cochrane, and Sir George Holford have all been playing at Nice.

I saw Clemenceau at the Negresco. It is a grim face, as of one whose soul bore noble scars. No doubt he has returned to France with ideas. He seems still to be shaking Germany between his fixed teeth.

Of all the charming festivals of this festive shore the Children's Carnival at Beaulieu is the Prince Charming. All sweetness and allurement, it might be worked into *the* event of the springtide Riviera. On the day it was a world as refreshing with that little happy life, which is the big life and makes for the great happiness, as any meadow dancing with daffodils. It is always good to make fairyland, and so to let children realise themselves—and that's why this dainty, darling children's fête at Beaulieu has brought to this fashion-ridden, *blasé*, excited Riviera the best message of all this gay season.

Puccini is at Monte Carlo. No composer since Massenet ever had so many successes. He has written the best inconsequent music of his time. I remember also seeing Massenet in the flesh at Monte—on that same terrace where his eloquent bust now stands. Will Puccini someday share that immortality with him as he does the popularity of the living Opera House?

Photographs *Central News*

BRITISH WOMEN'S SUCCESS IN INTERNATIONAL SPORTS

The English team at the stadium at Monte Carlo. We distinguished ourselves by winning the relay race, the 250 metres and the long jump. Above is Miss Hatt (England) who tied with Mlle. Kuzel (France) in the high jump, both clearing 4 feet 6 inches

Worth Working For?

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

LORD DEDBROKE: "What do you say, Kitty; will you marry me?"
KITTY: "'Um, I might. I know several girls in the profession who support a husband on less!"

Truths and Trifles

A WINNER

(*"Every few years there is a change in the type of woman who is popular . . . we appear to be getting back to the domestic type."*—DAILY PAPER.)

WHEN first Matilda hove in view
My heart sank down like lead,
But when her sterling worth I knew—
"This is 'the goods!'" I said.
No surging passion filled my breast,
I sang no hymn to Cupid—
Between ourselves, she seemed at best
More than a trifle stupid.

BUT still for better or for worse
I swore she should be mine;
In accents tremulously terse
I told her so—in fine,
Luring her to a quiet spot
I pointed out politely
That she must share my dwindling lot. . . .
She gasped, then giggled brightly.

"OF course," I said,
"you realise
That you possess
no trace
Of that ideal lovers
prize—
The picture-postcard face!
But let that pass—I do not seek
The lure of classic beauties;
I much prefer a human freak
Who loves domestic duties.

"YOUR charms do not bewitch me, dear,
As others may have done;
Your taste in dress," I said, "is queer;
I simply loathe your 'bun'!
But though you will agree, I think,
You might be better-looking,
Yet be my love—I shall not shrink,
For I adore your cooking!"

E. L. ROBERTS

WOT A PITY! By ALFRED LEETE

"They're closin' down the colliery, so you'll 'ave to sell your diamond tiara and one of them grand pianos"

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

"THIS will be a check season," states a fashion expert, Probably—but why doesn't the fellow learn to spell "cheque"?

* * * *

"'MY PARTY,' by Lord Beaverbrook," was a recent *pièce de résistance* in a contemporary. As the sergeant-major used to say: "This small party—'TSHUN!"

* * * *

IT is reported that the Premier's head is growing bigger—so much so that he will soon be able to change hats with Mr. Churchill. The latter is understood to be willing to reciprocate by stepping into the Premier's shoes.

* * * *

NAVAL surgeons declare that oil-fuel sailors are fatter and plumper than coal-fuel sailors. As might be expected, the former slip through life easily, but the latter have more grit.

AN IDYLL

OFTEN with joy I gaze at you,
Your beauty sets me dreaming,
For were there ever eyes so blue
Or hair so soft and gleaming?

AND, as a moth may view a star,
Despite my lowly station
I stand and watch you from afar
In humble admiration.

YET, sad to say, I've always felt
We never shall be chummy,
Though I believe that you *could* melt
Most charming tailor's dummy!

LESLIE M. OYLER

What Every Golfer Wants

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

MORE IMPROVEMENTS

With Winston in Cairo

SIR GEOFFREY ARCHER

The Governor of Somaliland, with the two lion cubs that Mr. Churchill is bringing back with him to present to the Zoo. They have probably already grown too large to play with

A SUNSHINE SMILE

Affairs political, have been moving with astonishing rapidity here, but Mr. Churchill has now recovered from his recent fall off a camel outside Cairo

Photographs G.P.A.

WAITING TO WELCOME WINSTON

Mr. Churchill, as Colonial Minister, has been visiting Cairo for the purpose of consulting the Middle East chiefs on the problems of Mesopotamia. He has also been painting parts of the town—not "red," we trust

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

NAPOLEON AND LANDRU

MES AMIS—

SINCE that we have first made the acquaintance, Desiré Landru, "the Bluebeard of Gambais," has mounted steadily in the estimation of the readers of newspapers and the audiences of theatres. But it has been a shock when I have found his name in a headline by the side of that of Napoleon. "Napoleon *et* Landru," I have read. To follow the first shock, I have had the expectation that the writer would declare that Landru is the greater man. However, it has not been quite like that. It has been an article to show that the reputation of Landru will live as long as that of many of the victorious generals. For Napoleon has said there is not much of the difference between the glory and the scandal. "A great reputation," has said Napoleon, who has had much competence in this matter, "is a big rumour. The more noise that is made, the farther it travels. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations—all these things fall. But the rumour lives and is retained by other generations." It is thus that the writer has felt confident that there will be told stories of Landru for quite as many centuries as there will be told stories of the great generals of the *Grande Guerre*. And so he has added another of the complications to the discussion of the glory which has for a little time caused the trouble to our newspaper writers.

THERE has been, *par exemple*, the case of our generals who come to receive an order that they are to wear more stars. Some of them can now put so many stars upon their sleeve to dazzle all who come within the range of their brilliance. But it is wondered by the critical if it is not a mistake to add all this colour and sparkle to the uniform of the general. When a soldier has worked enough hard and enough long to have conquered the rank of general, he has, as a rule, ceased to receive a thrill from the stripes of gold or the stars of silver. There is a wise old general who has truly said, "The stripes which give the greatest of pleasure are those of the corporal and the second-lieutenant." It is not possible for a general to recover the delight which a second-lieutenant has felt when he has been presented to a charming company behind the scenes at the Folies-Bergère in all the glory of a new uniform. And would fifty stars on the sleeve of a general give him the equal pride to that of the corporal who goes to the Rue de la Paix to escort home a *midinette*, with his new *galon* just stitched on? *Du tout*. And as there is greater shortage of candidates for corporalships and second-lieutenancies than for generalcies, it is felt that the revival of decoration should be in the direction of the young and impressionable, so to get more recruits.

"The 'medium' of Madame Judith Gautier"

"Behind the scenes at the Folies-Bergère"

THERE will be, of course, the critics of this proposal as there have been of all the suggestions in this daily argument about the glory and the seekers of the glory. There is one lady who has had the advantage of the critics because although she has made an effort for the glory which has to be reckoned with, she is out of the range of attack. For she has been a long time dead. And although she has sent her poetry from the other world in such a clever way as to get it published in this, the critics have not found a way to send their criticisms to the writer. The

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"And prefers to collect the tickets"

"medium" of Madame Judith Gautier, who has been her friend for twelve years before her death, is able to take the dictation of quite good verses from the dead poetess, but she is not able to send messages back. And so the efforts of the critics lack the object. One has heard that some of those who detest this new way to write the poetry have tried themselves to get into communication with the author by tapping the verses on the table at midnight, but without the success. They have thought, of course, that she has broken all the rules which have been established by the earlier dead. What they most wish to tell her, of course, is that in these days of the *vie chère* the writers have enough of the struggle with the alive without to have to meet competition from the dead. The most of the critics have the belief that they can themselves write literature, but they wish to be spared the revived rivalry of Victor Hugo, Racine, or Corneille. For what chance would have an unknown modern against one of these ancients? And the old ones had a habit to accept such small prices for their masterpieces! *Alors*, the strugglers of to-day wish the strugglers of the yesterday to be content with the glory they have acquired after their death. They hope that by the spirit machine of Edison or some other method they will be able to get into touch with Madame Gautier and explain all this.

ONE cannot be without the sympathy with the complaints, for the contest for the glory is so very keen *ces jours-ci*. All the most quaintest ways have to be employed by those who have the necessity to have place in the foreground of the picture. And their greatest rivals are the people who achieve to get first place in the news without the effort and sometimes without the desire. One has seen, for instance, how the actresses have employed every little bit of glamour that is in a pearl necklace and how they have yet been pushed off the front page by a railway porter who has won a million francs in the lottery and prefers still to collect the tickets than to come to Paris for the gay life. Then the actresses have sought to recapture the lost place by a revelation of the magnificence of the bathrooms they have installed. We have been introduced in the closest intimacy, and by the aid of photographs, to the silver baths and the golden hand-basins. All the city has thought how delightful it would be to take a "dip" in the bath of pure white marble of Mlle. Cecile Sorel, which is enclosed in priceless bas-reliefs, and mounted on a marble dais covered with panther skins. Or in the shell-shaped golden basin of Mlle. Spinelly. Or the coral and black mosaic bath of Gabriel Dorziat. This has had much greater success than the stories of the *colliers de perles*. But once again has come the not intentional competition of the lottery winner—this time a woman. She has been the keeper of a little café till she has won the million francs. Then she has been a dollar princess for twenty days, with a mansion, a motor-car, a half-dozen domestics, and a facility to lend the money that is equal to Carnegie. But at the end of the twenty days she has not had a franc. If she had not earned the glory she has had a glorious time. But her affair has fulfilled the requirements of Napoleon about the big noise. It has been bigger than the noise of the actresses. But the actresses are always with us. And perhaps they have still some more glory up the sleeves.

ROLAND

"To escort home a midinette"

Youth

Photograph *Gertrude Nicholls*

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very Heaven"—WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude*

A Trio of Talent & Beauty

Photograph *Bacon and Sons*

MISS HEATHER THATCHER

Who has been acting with such charm in "The Naughty Princess" at the Adelphi. She will shortly be seen in a new production, "Faust on Toast," at the Gaiety

Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

MISS ALICE MOFFATT

Is now acting in "Polly With a Past," that bright and amusing farce at the St. James's. Miss Moffatt has distinguished herself as well in musical comedy

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

MISS HILDA MOORE

A charming study of Miss Hilda Moore who is playing with such success in that light and clever satire, "A Social Convenience," at the Royalty

The Ninth Earl at the Comedy

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

I THINK the moral of this play is that if you are a likely heir to a peerage you should studiously avoid any behaviour that may involve you in the liability to "do time." Mr. Richard John Augustus ffellowes, unfortunately, neglected this simple and wholesome rule, with disastrous consequences to himself, though it must be admitted that he acted under great provocation, and it was the sort of accident that might have happened to anyone. For what are the facts, gentlemen? Richard John was in the hands of money-lenders, who are, I am told, a most obliging sort of people until the time comes to pay back a bit on account. Richard John wants a bill renewed, and he goes to the length of calling upon his tame money-lender at the fellow's rooms in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. I always thought money-lenders hung out in Park Lane, or thereabouts; thus, therefore, is another youthful delusion shattered. The boarding-house is run by a Mr. and Mrs. Sexton; and, while Richard John is waiting for his man, Miss Margot Sexton, a dainty piece of budding womanhood, drifts into the room.

MARGOT has met Richard John before; and it is understood that he takes a more than ordinary interest in her. And now he observes that the girl is wearing a diamond necklace of considerable value, which, he learns, has been presented to her by Mr. Lee Montagu, the middle-aged money-lender, in the hope that she will always be a good girl, or, perhaps, with a clear aspiration to the contrary. One never knows; but one can always make a pretty shrewd guess. So Richard John, in a kind, fatherly way, hints to Margot that she ought to return the necklace for fear the price ultimately demanded for it should be more than she thinks she ought to pay. In due course, therefore, Margot returns the necklace to the donor, who at once suspects Richard John of having discussed with the nice little girl the ultimate potentialities of such expensive gifts. Mr. Lee Montagu gets very angry. There is now no question of the renewal of

(Continued on page 34)

Hints to Prize

After visits to sundry temples of Terpsichore, situated in divers places, we have come to th

Fox-Trotters

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

conclusion that the above styles for the ball-room may be taken as more or less official

that little bill. On the contrary, there is a clear threat of personal violence if Richard John neglects the precaution of minding his own business for the future.

RICHARD JOHN is politely scornful. He says he considers it his duty to see that a nice girl like Margot does not fall into the unwholesome clutches of a man like Lee Montagu. At this the moneylender loses his temper entirely. He snatches from the mantelpiece one of the heavy brass candlesticks (Bloomsbury quality), and tries to hit Richard John on the head with it. Richard John loses his temper in turn, and, diverting the weapon, gives Lee Montagu a tap on his heated brow to go on with. This seemed to me to be a very justifiable course to pursue under the circumstances. Indeed, Lee Montagu is such a horrid, offensive chap that you feel that if Richard John hadn't knocked him out you would have liked to have got up and had a go at him yourself. But the worst has happened; and when Margot steals into the room a few moments later it is to see Richard John leaning over the body of Mr. Lee Montagu, who is indubitably dead. This is the end of the Prologue.

THEN fifteen years elapse. For most of us such a period passes all too quickly; but for Richard John those years must have seemed to be several lifetimes, since he has passed them in the dreary round of penal servitude. We gather that Richard John was first of all found guilty of murder; but the sentence was afterwards commuted to a lifer, because if you start hanging members of the upper classes you never know where that sort of thing is likely to stop. Besides, it sets such a bad example to the lower orders. The scene then changes to Radenham Towers. Richard John, now the Earl of Radenham, is being momentarily expected back to his ancestral home. Most of the servants have left the place, as the prospect of having to work for a master who has done time for murder did not appeal to them. One of the good and faithful servants who has stayed on is the butler, who, it seems, has made such a good thing out of his job during those fifteen years that he rather likes the prospect, especially as tainted money has not decreased in value any more than the rest of the currency.

MABEL TERRY LEWIS AS MRS FFELLOWES

JESSIE WINTER AS MARGOT SEXTON

JAMES LINDSAY AS ALFRED SEXTON

RICHARD JOHN, ninth Earl of Radenham, comes home a cowed and broken creature. He carries about with him a bundle of old letters as the most precious of his possessions. These, with an income of eighty thousand a year, are all he has in the world. The letters, which came to him unsigned, were written to him with undeviating regularity at the rate of one a month during his long

confinement, and gave him the only glimpse he could ever have of the world outside. Once, coming into a room, he accidentally drops his precious packet, and pounces on it again greedily before one of the servants can recover it for him, as if it were something not to be profaned by an alien touch. "They are mine. They are all I have," he says in a whimpering tone which is terrible in its deep sincerity and its haunting significance. Richard John's solicitor tells him bluntly that he has no friends, and he realises the truth reluctantly. His cousin, Mrs. ffellowes, calls to see him, and he notices that she rather obtrusively wipes on her skirt the hand that has been contaminated by his touch. Suddenly Richard John hears that Mr. and Mrs. Sexton, the Bloomsbury boarding-house people of the Prologue, are waiting to see him in the anteroom. He will go to them at once; at last he will be with friends! But he finds they have come merely to represent to him that the murder he committed in their house fifteen years ago ruined their business, and they think he ought to compensate them for the wrong he has done them. I suppose it *is* a bit of a drawback to the lodging-house industry if you have to admit to a likely new tenant that the last gentleman who had this room was done in on the hearthrug.

So Richard John gives the people a substantial cheque and packs them off. Then he sees Margot waiting, and assumes that she also wants money from him. So he gives her a blank cheque, which she promptly and tearfully destroys, and then he sits gloomily staring into space and repeating the words of his solicitor, "You have no friends, Lord Radenham." The last act opens with a little lesson in table manners. His lordship having for so many years followed the prevailing etiquette of convict establishments has, apparently, learned the disastrous truth that fingers were made before forks, and is inclined to give his fingers official precedence accordingly. His butler is obliged to be very tactful indeed on such occasions. In due course Richard John learns the authorship of his prized letters, and makes one friend accordingly. The play is a well-deserved personal triumph for Mr. Norman McKinnel as the unhappy Earl coming back, as it were, from chokey to life like an evolving chrysalis fighting to find its wings. It is an extraordinarily powerful study without being aggressively realistic; and its infinite pathos is very beautifully and convincingly expressed. *The Ninth Earl* is a play to be seen.

JINGLE

WILFRED FLETCHER AS ALFRED SEXTON

HALLIWELL HOBBES AS MASSINGHAM

FRANCES WETHERALL AS MRS SEXTON

JESSIE WINTER AS MARGOT

CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY AS LEE MONTAGU

The Little Deutschlander

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

PEOPLE at home may be roughly divided into two nearly equal bodies—those who wonder who won the War, and those, such as politicians, armchair critics, and reminiscent newspaper strategists, who know that they individually did so. Germany may be divided into those who know who lost the War—and are out for their blood—and those who know she did not lose it, but made peace from purely benevolent motives. The Bystander in Occupation has discovered a man who knows that Germany lost the War, and is completely satisfied about it.

THE contented one is a Jaeger. Seeing the Bystander in Occupation with a gun striding past his little cottage in the midst of the wooded hills, he hailed him. With the latter's remarkable respect for uniform (since he lost his own), he duly produced his permission to kill wild pig, if he could hit them. Now, the wild pig is no friend of the cultivator, and the Jaeger's cabbage patch had just been invaded by a very voracious kind. His delight at meeting an avenger resulted in an invitation to join him at breakfast. Five minutes later a local League of Nations (and creatures, for a large ram, a sheep-dog, and a couple of goats soon pushed open the door and took part in the meal) was holding its first session over "Kaiser's Hunting Sausage," coffee, and black rye bread. The rye bread was the Jaeger's own baking and growing, the sausage from his own pork, and the milk straight from the cow—not *via* a condensing-machine and a tin—the first of its kind that the B.-in-O. had seen in more than two years in Germany! His suggestion that the sausage should be called "Ebert Hunting Sausage" in Republican Germany was not well received.

"Those terrible men-women from your colony of Scotland"

"DON'T see what we wanted a Republic for," grunted the old man. "The Kaiser did well enough for us. Who lost the War for us but the Kaiser? And who could have done us a better turn? We used to have so many worries that we are free from now. We had an army and a navy, vaults full of gold to guard, and Colonies. Now we have no navy, and no army to break down our fences on manœuvres and steal our fruit. The gold is all gone, or going—what a relief for Herr President Ebert. Best of all, we have no colonies—nothing to distract us from our own hearths and homes. We are even freed from those troublesome Alsace-Lorrainers and Poles.

"I'M really sorry for England. *Ach*, what worries and troubles you have, with all your colonies and your big army and navy to guard them. They are always rebelling—Ireland, Canada, Scotland, India—fighting every day. Oh, *I* know—I read the papers, if I *do* live in the forests. But they're human beings, your colonials, like the rest of us. Once two of them came to this house for a glass of milk. I wasn't half frightened when I saw them with their towels on their heads, till I found they were only Indians. I was afraid they were those terrible men-women in bare legs and skirts from your colony of Scotland—*they* are savage, I've heard. But I expect you ill-treat them a lot—slave-labour, and so on.

"THESE two came from India. Very religious, they were, just like us Catholics, who go to church on Sunday—Protestant gentlemen like you don't need to, of course. I've been going to Mass every Sunday now for fifty years, and never come to any harm by it. Besides, it pleases the old woman" and—here he winked a ponderous German wink—"anything for a peaceful life."

PROVIDED he "pleases the old woman," the Rhenish Jaeger has probably the most peaceful life of anyone in Europe.

ERIC GORDON

By H. L. OAKLEY

"A local League of Nations (and creatures) was holding its first session"

Our Peace-Time Air Force

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

A LITTLE HITCH IN PRACTISING PARACHUTE DESCENTS

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES

SECOND CHILDHOOD By A. C. Barrett

Customer: "You mean to say that this is the skull of Dick Turpin? My good man, this is the skull of a child"
Curio Dealer: "Yeth, ith's 'is skull ven 'e vos a leetle poy!"

WET PAINT

BY C. HEDLEY BARKER

Precisely as the prison clock announced boomingly the hour of seven a.m., the massive double doors opened for an instant, allowing a portly figure to pass through into the street. The immaculate occupant of the two-seater coupé drawn up by the kerb, carried, with the air of one who comes suddenly on an interesting phenomenon, a monocle to his innocent blue eye.

"By Jove!" he drawled, "it's dear old Dunks! Jump in, my poor old chevalier, jump in! You see, I have not, my unfortunate old top and comrade, deserted you. How'd you find the—er—penitentiary?"

Save for an unsightly and bewhiskered pastiness of feature, and an eloquent droop about the shoulders, it was the same Edward Dunkley who had met Nemesis in the shape of one Zitterbaum. For some time he sat, silently apathetic, gazing with unseeing eyes into the maze of traffic which was claiming the whole of Tony's attention. Presently, he announced, startlingly enough, that he was going to try for a post.

"Anything. I don't care what it is. It'll be preferable, anyhow, to the risk of . . . that! Ugh!" He shuddered, comically. A host of sombre memories filled his eyes. "You don't know what it is, my boy. Warders. Jangling . . . eternally jangling keys. Rotten food. And the society! Phew!" As was his nervous habit, the fat man mopped his brow.

"How he has changed!" murmured Tony, as he crossed, dangerously, the oncoming bow of a lumbering omnibus. "Edward, old bird, you are not yourself. You are suffering from cell-shock. Effect of durance vile, an' all that, what? A tub, a shave . . . yes, most certainly a shave, my comical old Edward . . . clean linen, a square meal, and a goodly beaker of the stuff that made England what she is. These things, my poor old victim of circumstance, will do much to alter your jolly old perspective. Here we are! Though the state of our ready finances is most precarious, I still retain a bed-and-sitting in this establishment."

They had pulled up outside the portals of the gorgeous "Milan." With a gentle, but firm pressure, Tony impelled his companion towards the lift.

. . . .

Later, when Tony, by skilful conversational ministrations, had restored the diffident Dunkley to something approaching his pre-Zitterbaum self, the pair entered the grill-room. Tony paused, glancing appreciatively around.

"I'm ravenous," interrupted Dunkley, peevishly. "Where shall we sit?"

But Tony, oblivious of the question, was bowing over the hand of a small, vivacious girl, whose costly daintiness was crowned with fashionably red hair. "Edward, dear old mentor,—Miss Barbour.

WET PAINT (concluded)

She has been good enough to remember a previous meeting. My dear friend, Dunkley. One of the best. Don't mind if he doesn't chat much. Nerves, y'know, an' all that. Of course, you'll join us at our table ? "

Miss Barbour graciously signified that she would. In a manner that delighted the heart of an æsthetic waiter, Tony ordered food, comprehensively. His eyes fell, blandly innocent, on her jewels ; jewels without which Miss Barbour would have considered herself no better than naked.

" By Jove ! " he exclaimed, wholly admiring, " rather toppin' bits of things, those jewels. Aren't you afraid of losing 'em ? "

" I ? Lose my jewels ? " She smiled. " It is only those people," she observed, complacently, " who are careful, who lose things. I just hate being careful. Why, do you know, I always keep, approximately, a thousand pounds in my cash-box."

" You don't say ? " gasped Tony. " D'you mean you keep it loose ? "

" Quite. It reposes, at this moment, in the top right-hand drawer of my dressing-table."

" You hear that, Edward ? " Tony adjusted his monocle. " You heard that, dear old partner ? "

Dunkley, evidently misliking the turn which the conversation had taken, essayed something between a grin and a glare, muttering an unintelligible reply.

" He says," explained Tony, blandly, " that your carelessness is most reprehensible, Miss Barbour. Have another peach, dear lady of the cash-box. By the way—I was thinkin' you might care to do one of the shows. If you have no other engagement, I'd feel honoured to escort you."

Miss Barbour allowed her fine eyes to roam. Finally, they came to rest on the immaculate young man whose innocence she found so refreshing. Gravely, she appraised him.

" I hate monocles," she said, slowly, " but, I rather think I like your company, Mr. ———? "

" Smythe," he told her, " pronounced with a long ' y.' "

. . . . .

Tony, preparatory to escorting Miss Barbour to the theatre, was having trouble with Dunkley in the foyer.

" You're a difficult old bird, Dunks," remarked the young man, with a mournful shake of his head. " A dashed difficult old bird. The thing's as simple as kiss-your-hand. With your own ears, dear old flowing-beard's delight, you heard the lady say top right-hand drawer. Isn't that plain ? "

" It's plain enough, Tony. It's not that. My nerves were never the best thing of their kind, and . . . the last affair. It was your arrangement, and——"

" My poor old criminal," put in Tony, " a thing like that doesn't happen once in a thousand years. Forget it. It's up to you—to us—to rise superior to these things. Think of old Burns and the spider. Or was it John Peel ? Anyhow—— oh, hang it, here comes Miss Barbour, and the chap with your Scotch. Well, bye-bye, and don't forget the number, 281. Next door to ours, you know. Piece of luck, what ? "

" Here—I—it's no use ! " protested Dunkley, desperately. " I simply can't, Tony. I'm not up to it, and that's flat ! "

" Edward, my frantic old burglar, calm yourself." A steely gleam invaded the placidity of Tony's eyes as he bent forward and whispered in his partner's ear. The result was startling. The next moment he was shepherding a very white-jowled Dunkley towards a seat. With the final adjuration, " Don't forget, Edward, two-eight-one," he left him.

. . . . .

The best part of an hour had elapsed when Edward Dunkley reluctantly quitted the foyer, and proceeded, somewhat unsteadily, in the direction of the lift. To whatever the fates might hold in store for him he was resigned, and, after all, the attractiveness of a thousand pounds was not to be gainsaid. Anyhow, he was guaranteed against disturbance, so why worry ?

In the corridor he extracted with daring thumb and forefinger, a fuse, thus plunging the section into darkness. The minute beam of his torch shone momentarily on the figures 281. They had a shiny appearance of newness. He touched them. Wet !

" B'jove ! " he muttered, " shfunny." Opening the door, he passed nervously through.

Now, annoyingly, his torch refused duty. Too, he had run out of matches. All about him, darkness, and silence. Clumsily, he groped, colliding, stumbling, caustically epithetic.

At the end of an age-long minute he had thrust a podgy, enquiring hand into the top right-hand drawer of the dressing-table. His fingers touched . . . a cash-box. A thousand pounds ! Triumphantly he bore it away.

It was a simple matter to find 280 in the dark. One knew that 280 was the next door, going towards the lift. Inside 280, he moved more noisily. Here he was, as it were, on his own preserves. In half a minute he had found the top right-hand drawer of the dressing-table, his, Tony's, dressing-table. Thrusting, with a final, affectionate caress, the box within, he made haste once more to the foyer.

. . . . .

At 11.30 Tony arrived. His heart leaped within him for sheer joy as a silent message reached him from the eyes of his partner. Miss Barbour melted rustlingly away.

" We must celebrate, my noble and accomplished Edward," said the delighted Tony, and, to the attendant, " bring me two double Scotches."

The man disappeared. " Did you count it, my delightful old runner-in-the-race ? " asked Tony.

Dunkley replied somnolently in the negative. The attendant arrived. Each of the partners took a glass from the tray. The attendant waited. Tony, looking up, perceived him.

" Yes ? "

" I was to tell you, sir," announced the man, appallingly, " that the number of your room is now 281."

Tony paled. " Since when ? "

" The numbers were altered, sir, during dinner. Owing to the addition of the new wing——"

" You may go," said Tony, and turned to Dunkley.

" Dear old adventurer, there was a box—a cash-box—in the top right-hand drawer of my dressing-table. Did you——? "

From the ashen lips of Dunkley no sound escaped, but Tony read the answer in his partner's eyes.

C. Hedley Barker

People We Have Never Seen

BY J. H. THORPE

THE MAN WHO WON THE WAR

If you launched a ship at 10.A.M.

Shook hands with brave Policemen at 11

Rode, and won a Point to Point at 12

Opened a New Hospital at 4 P.M

and attended a boxing match at 8 P.M.

Could you smile Like the Prince of Wales

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

OUR GREATEST "WORKING MAN"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McK E*

LONDON, *April* 4

DEAR COUSIN—

NOT quite sure, after all, whether it isn't really—

Oh, to be in Paris,
Now that April's here!

At least, that's rather, for the moment, the fleeting impression of your "Blanchette," just back, a bit breathless, but more than a bit enraptured, from one of those flying visits to La Ville Lumière, in which one does an incredible number of nice things in an unbelievably short space of time—and feels all the better for it after, in spite of the frightful strain.

卐 卐

DON'T know just exactly *what* the difference is between it and London that makes Paris so bright and bracing, but, anyway, there it is, and p'raps Parisians visiting us feel just the same—only I rather doubt it. I suppose it's contrast that does most of it, and seeing the same things done in a different way—'cos, after all, they *are* really in the end very much the same things, in every capital in the world.

卐 卐

La danse, for instance. That, at least, I had been told (having had to take these things on hearsay for a year or thereabouts) was quite another matter on the other side of the Channel from what one sees (and does) at the Grafton and other places where they dance over at this end. But no. At a *thé dansant* at the King George's in the Place Vendôme, or, later on, *au roof* at Paris's very latest smart restaurant, the Vignon, in the Place de la Madeleine, *on danse* (aren't we French?) just the very self-same foxtrots and one-steps and spins and occasional waltzes as in this old home town of ours. And to very much the same tunes, too—"Whispering," "Wondering," and the rest.

"Same old Fox-Trots"

卐 卐

PERHAPS it's partly that the people, anyway, aren't quite the same. To watch Isadora Duncan, for example (who, by the way, comes to London next week for a season at the Prince of Wales's), dancing very delightfully with arms well clasped round partner's neck is, in itself, a liberal education. . . . And then, while you toy with your lobster *Thermidor*, to gaze at the professional dancer attached to the restaurant, spinning round *ad infinitum* with a smart little actress, a king's ransom of jewels on her wrist, and picking her right up and whirling her through the air with much revelation of charming *dessous* and no less charming *jambe à la nature*. . . .

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AND then there's the shops. Nothing quite so entirely intriguing in London, surely, as a visit to Reboux, in the Rue de la Paix, where all the best

"Try on all the latest models"

(and expensivest) hats come from. The excitement, the bustle. . . . The absorbed and absorbing little groups that cluster round every coign of vantage (with mirror) to try on all the latest models, with Madame and an admiring chorus of assistants (varying in size and numbers according to your wealth and station) to give advice and encouragement and all the moral support that woman so much needs when engaged in that most important of occupations, choosing a hat.

卐 卐

SAME, too, *chez* Maria Guy, in the Place Vendôme, or Jeanne Lanvin, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the rest. And next, of course, come the jewellers and people in the Rue de la Paix, with all the thrills of selecting the latest ring from Cartier or Lacloche or Paul Hamelin, or the newest perfume from Arys. And the newest doll-bag from Viallard in the Rue St. Honoré—the sweetest things in tissue or taffetas, with poke-bonnets and lint-white hair and wide skirts that open at the back to hold your puff and powder, *and*, of course, the perfect

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

wads of thousand and hundred and fifty and twenty-franc notes that you simply *have* to carry around with you, at the present rate of exchange

卐 卐

FOR with anything between fifty and sixty francs to the pound you must be positively stuffed with money to even try and keep up with things—and even then you feel you're really saving money every time you make a purchase. And then—yet another joy—there's all the excitement of a rate of exchange which varies from hour to hour, so that you never know whether you'll get another franc more or less per pound each time you exchange a fresh batch of Bradburys for the current coin of the realm of *la belle France*.

"Perfect wad of notes"

卐 卐

IN the end, I suppose, you don't really gain so *very* much. Anyway, when you've worked out the price of the hat of your choice, for instance, at anywhere like Reboux (being worn very big this summer, by the way) it comes to nearer thirty than twenty pounds . . . which isn't exactly dirt cheap, is it? And at the big restaurants meals seem to tot up to much the same as in London, though certainly at the night club dancing places (oh, shush!) you can be rather more amused for a good deal less money. The one thing that really *is* cheap *sans doute* and without any question about it in Paris now is the taxis, which start at 75 centimes, and you can drive quite a long way for a couple of francs. And when you consider that a franc is (or was a week or so ago) rather less than fourpence halfpenny . . . well, doesn't seem worth while doing much *walking* around in Paris, does it?

卐 卐

BUT oh, the noise and the bustle . . . Don't seem able to do anything somehow in Paris, do they, without talking and shouting and whistling and blowing hooters, and things about it? The torpedo-shaped buses rattle along with lots and lots of noise and the red-wheeled taxis sound their horns every ten seconds, and everything clatters joyously, but just a shade nerve shakingly, over the cobbles. . . . Must confess that in the end I *was* rather glad in a way to get back to (comparatively) peaceful London, in spite of all its motor-buses and all the rest of the street chorus that sometimes, one thinks, is almost enough to drive one mad. Whereas really it's a mere soothing murmur compared with the noise of Paris, not to mention other capitals. Besides—being at home again, that does certainly, undoubtedly, make a difference, too. After all, to be in England even now, with strikes in the background and prices never really seeming to fall, whatever the optimist prophets may say—still it remains *pour nous autres Anglais* the ideal, the hope, the only true happiness.

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AND that's where, I think, the international Socialists whom Mr. Lloyd George has been so vehemently denouncing, make, perhaps, one of their biggest mistakes. Want to abolish nationality, they do, and make us all citizens of a "world-state" or whatever they call it. But it's no good really, you know, trying to destroy and uproot things in this old world of ours that have grown up for centuries and centuries. Sounds all right in a way, of course—but just imagine the world all one great international State! Why, there wouldn't even be any England at all any more. . . . Simply unthinkable!

"Another franc more or less to your pound"

卐 卐

JUST brushing itself up, meanwhile, this England of ours, while it still *does* survive, for the opening chapters of what some people think is going to be the biggest and brightest season yet since the Great War began. And though the Court is still at Windsor for another week or so, what with Parliament meeting again to-day, and a Sarah Bernhardt season just beginning at the Princes, and the Covered Court Lawn Tennis Championships opening at Queen's this week, and Summer Time already started to function . . . looks as if the curtain's fairly lifted for the first act of the old, old drama of life and love and laughter—whatever those boring new Socialists may say, *or* do.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

DEARER WHISKY

Unless the duty of 8/5½ per bottle is reduced, *fine* old Whiskies will either cost you more than 12/6 per bottle or they will be exported to other countries. If control is maintained much longer only very limited quantities of fine Whisky will be offered in the Home Market.

Suppose for the moment that the duty was maintained at 8/5½ per bottle, and suppose that a fair price for a bottle of fine Whisky rose to, say, 14/6 per bottle, what would be likely to be the result?

We estimate that the Chancellor would lose between 25% and 50% of his revenue.

As he cannot afford to lose *any* revenue, we think force of circumstances will make him reduce the duty.

Force of circumstances will also, we think, make him remove control. The common article that will be offered at 12/6 per bottle, will gradually be refused by the consumer, so again he would fail to get his revenue.

Undoubtedly the things to do are:

1st. Reduce the duty.
2nd. Remove control.

Then the public will be served, as formerly, with whiskies of varying qualities and at corresponding prices.

When that time comes the man who wants the best and can afford the price will call for

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57 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

We are advertising only our Export Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of whisky so that there is a loss on every case sold in the Home Market.

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Trespasser

LET me congratulate Mr. Percy Heybourn upon winning so substantial a stake as the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park with Trespasser. As I predicted, the course and distance proved just to the liking of this good-looking horse, who had, moreover, the invaluable assistance of such a strong horseman as Carslake. Trespasser is in such great form at present that I expect him to win some other good races on the flat, but his chief objective now will be the Grand Hurdle Race at Auteuil, which he would probably have won last year but for going slightly lame just before the race. In all probability Trespasser will meet White Heat at Auteuil, an event which will arouse great interest. A month ago the majority of us thought that the latter was the champion hurdle-racer, but I reckon Trespasser is the greater favourite of the two now.

Crack Jockeys

AMONG the jockeys a feature of the season so far has been Carslake's fine riding. Those who systematically backed his mounts have done very well in the first few weeks of the season. Donoghue has not got so quickly off the mark as usual, but he will soon begin to make up for lost time, and I daresay at the end of the season we shall find him at the head of the list once more. He enjoys, of course, a great advantage over "Brownie" in the matter of weight. As regards judgment of pace and finishing powers there is very little to choose between them. It is often suggested that Carslake is slow in getting away from the gate, but that is a mistaken notion.

The Greenham

THIS week we are promised a highly interesting race for the Greenham Stakes at Newbury. This is one of the first events of the season in which high-class three-year-olds come together, and it has yielded some notable struggles. You will recall, for instance, the race between Tetratema and Silvern last year, when the odds laid on the grey were floored, and we realised that "Tema's" forte was not stamina. This time Leighton is expected to appear in the Greenham, and if Monarch is brought out in opposition to him it will be a race worth going a long way to see. The cracks will be called upon to give substantial weight to several of their rivals, so their merit is likely to be sharply tested. It can safely be assumed that Leighton has gone on in the right way. He was looking splendid when I saw him at Seven Barrows not long since.

Newbury Cup

WE always see an interesting tussle for the Newbury Spring Cup. On Saturday it looks like proving decidedly open. Lincoln form directs attention to Clarion, who ran really well behind Soranus. Since the deeply lamented death of poor

MR. PAUL NELKE By "THE TOUT"

The owner of the red and brown halved jacket has made those colours familiar to every race-goer. Though not having had the best of luck during recent years, Mr. Nelke is a plucky and persevering owner, and sooner or later the tide will turn, for with trainers like "Bob" Gore "over the sticks" and Sam Pickering on the flat, our subject can never look for better talent

"Paddy" Hartigan the colt has been at Russley in the care of Captain Tom Hogg, and is going on satisfactorily. Sam Pickering expects Win the War to do better at Newbury than he did on the Carholme, where the firm going was all against him. My selection, however, is **Morganatic Marriage,** who is surely well handicapped at 6st. 13lb. I shall be told, no doubt, that no jockey of that weight can ride him effectively, but I fancy he is a bit easier to handle since he was trained over hurdles. As a second string I shall take WIN THE WAR.

The "City"

AFTER Newbury comes Newmarket, with its Craven meeting, followed a week later by Epsom and its City and Suburban. Prospects for this popular handicap are already being keenly discussed. Will Soranus repeat the Royal Bucks double by carrying his 10lb. penalty to victory? He is sure to have a big following if De Mestre can keep him sound, but don't forget that the stable has another formidable candidate in Lacrosse. Last year's winner, Corn Sack, seems to have a bit too much weight this time, but he will be ridden by Donoghue, so is bound to be one of the fancied ones. The same stable can also run Aclare. Most Beautiful possesses a good chance on her best form, while I have considerable respect for Silver Jug, who wound up last season in such great style.

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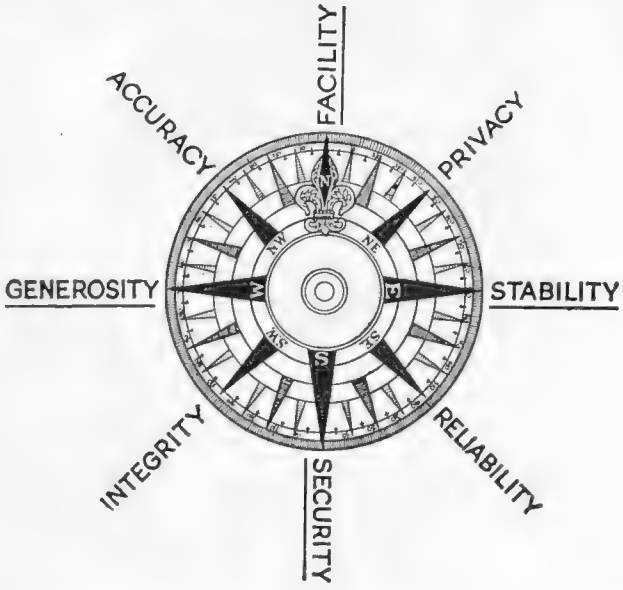
DUGGIE'S CARDINAL POINTS

NO LIMIT



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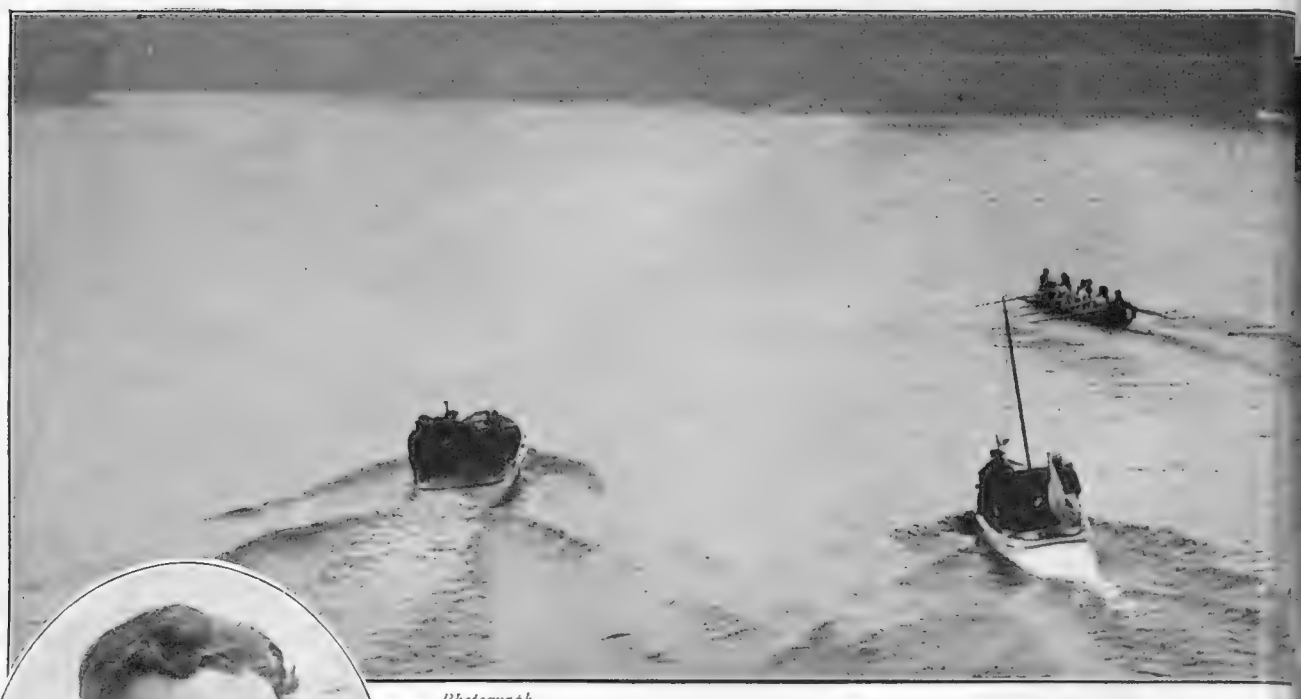


Photograph

THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACE: THE CREWS APPROACHI

Oxford having gained the lead just after passing Hammersmith Bridge are here seen keeping to over to the Middlesex side. Along Chiswick Eyot they increased their lead to three-quarters of a length and after Cambridge gradually drew up and ultimately won b

SPORTS & PASTIMES

Photograph *Topical Press*

P. H. G. H. S. HARTLEY

The Cambridge stroke. This year will probably be known as "Hartley's year," although he also stroked Cambridge to victory in 1920

ROWING

A Great Race

A WEEK ago I ventured to express in THE BYSTANDER the view that if Oxford won the Boat Race it would be something of a miracle, because they were not really a crew in being until about three weeks before the race. That the miracle so nearly came off is a great tribute to the coaching of Mr. R. P. P. Rowe. He and the crew under his tuition worked wonders in the time at their disposal after Raikes had recovered from his strain; but my expectation that it would prove too short turned out to be correct. They were a powerful and hard-working crew, and they could shove their boat along very fast, but they lacked that cohesion and smoothness which are so essential over that long and trying Putney to Mortlake course, and which Cambridge possessed in a marked degree.

Consolation for Oxford

IT was this, coupled with Hartley's wonderful stroking powers, that turned the scale. But if the final composition of Oxford could only have been decided upon earlier they might have trained on into an even finer crew than their conquerors. And by common consent the Cambridge crew of 1921 will go down to history as a really great eight, and one of the select few that have won after being behind at Barnes Bridge. This must be Oxford's consolation for the loss of a race which at one time they looked like winning.

Photographs *Sport and General*

C. J. H. TOLLEY (Oxford) G. N. P. HUMPHRIES (Cambridge)

The rival captains in the 'Varsity Golf Match which took place at Hoylake on the Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, Foursomes being played for the first time, as well as Singles. Oxford won decisively by 12 matches to 3

Cambridge's Reserve of Power

AND yet, when the excitement of one of the most thrilling struggles in the annals of the contest had subsided, a dispassionate survey of the way things went from start to finish led one to the conclusion that Cambridge really had the race in hand all through. They made a mistake when they tried unsuccessfully to take Oxford's water.

G.P.U.

SWICK EYOT

lle of the river and forcing Cambridge neycroft's were nearly clear, but there- h

But in spite of this—thanks to their form and to the way in which Hartley took care that they never lost it and refused to be "bustled"—they always had something in reserve. Oxford, on the other hand, were "all out" from the start. They were rowing

Photograph : Central News

THE FINISH OF THE RACE

Cambridge enjoy the distinction of being one of the few crews who have won after being behind at Barnes Bridge. Oxford achieved a similar feat in 1913

AFTER THE FINISH: OXFORD COMPLETELY ROWED OUT

The photo shows how gamely Oxford struggled to hold the lead which was slowly but surely wrested from them in the last mile. Cambridge, thanks to their length and rhythm, and the fact that they have won—which makes such a difference—are comparatively fresh

the faster stroke practically the whole way, and although at one time they held a good lead they exhausted themselves in the effort to retain it. Cambridge used the bit in reserve at Barnes Bridge; Oxford had not the wherewithal to reply to it, and were collared and beaten in the last half-mile. It was a splendid example of latent power judiciously held in reserve and applied by tactical genius at exactly the right moment.

GOLF

The 'Varsity Match

For the first time in its history the 'Varsity golf match at Hoylake last week was made an affair of Foursomes as well as of Singles—a desirable innovation, made at an appropriate time when the record of past contests showed a tie, each University have won seventeen. In the circumstances it seems rather unfortunate that the event should have clashed with the 'Varsity Boat Race, but this was doubtless unavoidable. The result was practically a foregone conclusion for Oxford, and although there was just a possibility that Cambridge might spring a surprise, as they did last year, on their more fancied rivals, it was only a very remote possibility, and it never materialised. Oxford won decisively by 12 matches to 3, and most of

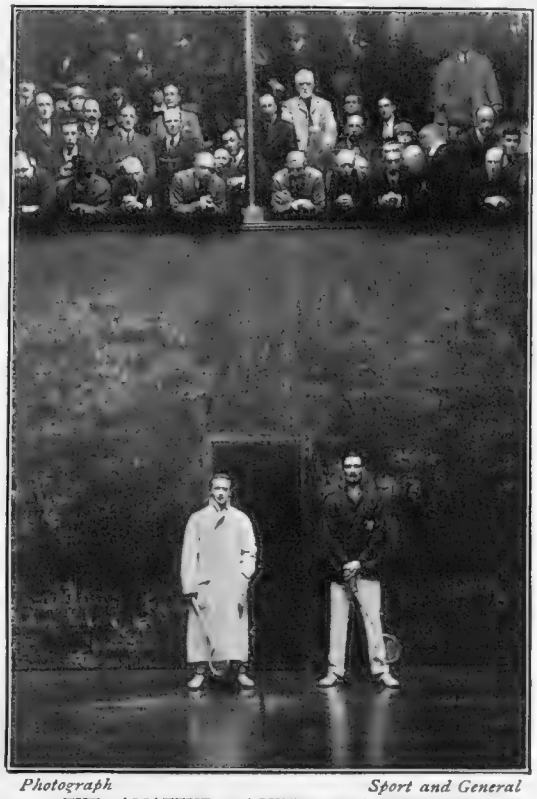
SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

their wins were easy ones. Cambridge, in a word, found themselves up against one of the best sides that either University has ever had. The closest match and the one which produced the best golf was that in which R. H. Wethered, playing second man for Oxford, beat his *vis-à-vis*, J. Walker, by one up. H. K. Goadby, who scored one of Cambridge's three wins, impressed everybody by the beauty of his style, and has in him the makings of a great golfer.

RACKETS

Baerlein the Unbeatable

We live in an age of wonderful veterans. Mr. E. M. Baerlein, in rackets, has just provided us with an illustration of the truth of this statement, for at Queen's Club last Tuesday he successfully defended his title to the Amateur Championship at the age of forty-one, and beat his challenger, the Hon. C. N. Bruce, even more convincingly than he did a year ago. He has now equalled Mr. H. K. Foster's record of eight wins.



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE AMATEUR RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP

At Queen's Club, last week, E. M. Baerlein (left) won the Amateur Championship of Rackets for the eighth time at the age of 41. As in 1920, the Hon. C. N. Bruce (right) was his unsuccessful challenger

Better Than Ever

There is no doubt at all that Baerlein's game is stronger all round than it was before the War. He is (naturally) less agile of foot than he was, but this is more than counter-balanced by the high state of perfection to which he has brought his power of anticipating the direction of the return. He makes his opponent look as if he were trying to return the ball to him instead of out of his reach. I have heard it said that he deliberately preferred not to win points by service in order that he might taste more often the joy of winning them in the rally, but, however that may be, it is certain that his service is as formidable now as that of any man playing. Bruce has shown form quite good enough to win the championship in any ordinary year, but in Baerlein he has found himself up against a super-champion H. S. S.

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Incognito

HEARTBREAK PRICES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

The philosopher refines himself on self-analysis, and the egoist is exuberated by it.

An instinctive writer who prostitutes his art by applying it deliberately to commercialism is a literary renegade. But this is an expensive, materialistic age, and even artists are compelled to be commercial or starve—or, worse still, thirst.

Personally I would like to write merely for the splendid illusion of the idea. But this I cannot afford, for I must live—and wonderfully, if possible. My living may not be essential to the world, but it is a colossal necessity to me.

Living should mean enjoyment, for the antithetical principle of sanctimonious misery is loathsome, decadent, and old. And the two chief pursuits of joy are love and sport, both of which are comprehensive and intermingled.

To attain the means to enjoy life, circumstance compels me to sell trousers. I find the subject so uninspiring to write on that I subtly avoid it, and merely create an atmosphere of cultured masculinity, with the nether garments taken, or taken off, for granted.

But the art of making clothes is a real and not a pseudo-art. That is the secret of the success of this House. It is a wizardry un-Welshlike. It is a purpose to achieve, in production, the effect of a Greek God in preference to that of a Dartmoor shepherd.

Unfortunately, the spending capacity of the public has been ruthlessly annexed to pay for Governmental extravagances, but it is imperative to maintain trade during 1921, therefore this House is selling clothes at practically cost price. This is not altruistic, because if its charges were higher the public would be unable to pay and would consequently wear only what it possessed—or don sackcloth.

But none of us will make any profits this year, we shall all have to live on "fruits of victory" salad.

The following prices are ridiculously moderate—to me they are heart and purse-breaking. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. od. Overcoats from £8 8s. od. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. od. Dress Suits from £18 18s. od. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

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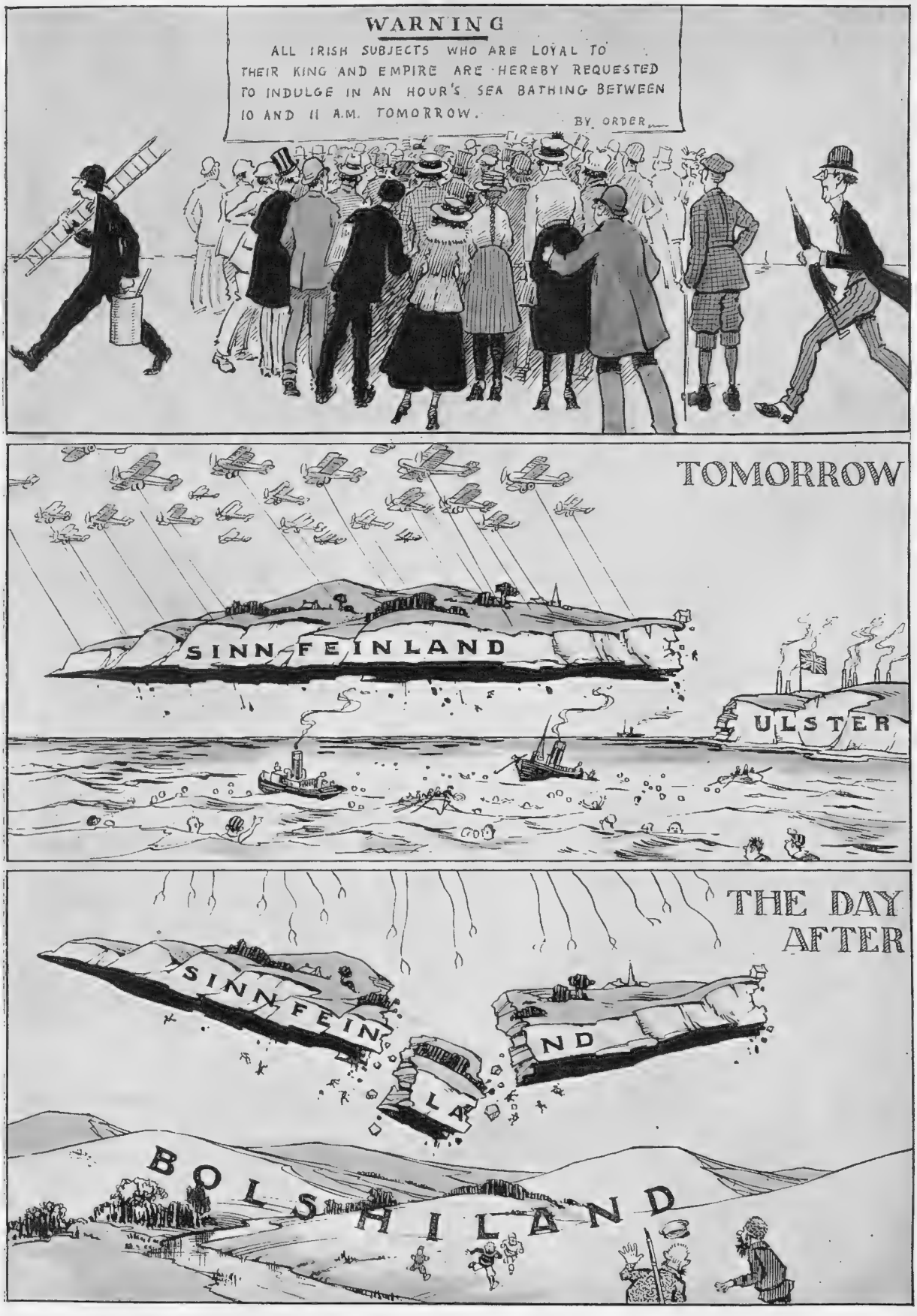
At Last!



A SOLUTION OF THE IRISH PROBLEM

Photograph] LITTLE BUSY "B's" RACING AT TEDDINGTON *[Sport and General*

The small-boat sailors of the Thames had their fill of racing during Easter at Teddington, for in the course of Saturday, Monday and Tuesday ten races were held, five for "A" class and five for "B" class boats, in good sailing weather. Our illustration shows the start of a "B" class race. Mr. W. D. Fair's *Titania* (which is seen on the extreme left, well placed for the lead) won four firsts and one third. In the "A" class, Mr. B. S. Freeman's famous *Scamp* won all her five races

Would you like to look 20 years younger?

When you are standing before your Mirror, you have often smoothed upwards and backwards with the finger-tips the loose skin round your eyes, mouth, etc.; and you will have quickly observed that this straightening of tell-tale lines has made you look younger. You have observed that while holding the skin there you have looked 20 years younger and have wished that it were possible to keep your face firm for ever. Not only is it possible now, by a most scientific and highly successful method, to lift your face painlessly and harmlessly without interfering with your daily duties, but also to remove the wrinkles around your eyes and lines from nose to mouth as well as the double chin, and to correct the scragged neck and imperfect nose.

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If you are interested in the latest scientific methods for restoring Facial Beauty, you are invited to call for a free consultation. Over 6,000 cases successfully treated, including the smartest women of Europe.

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The following are a few of the facial imperfections which can be corrected permanently from within one hour. Absolutely painless and harmless. This treatment is undoubtedly the greatest foe Father Time has ever been faced with, or is ever likely to

1 Sagging Face:	*When the cheeks have drooped and the facial contour is lost. (Restored in one hour.)*
2. Double Chin:	*The looseness of skin and the fat accumulation are permanently removed in one hour.*
3 Loose Skin under the Eyes:	*By removing the loose skin and wrinkles, the eyes are made attractive and beautiful. (Corrected in one hour.)*
4. Overhanging Eyebrows:	*By tightening the superfluous skin under the eyebrows a wonderful rejuvenating effect is produced (Corrected in one hour.)*
5. Frown between the Eyes:	*These lines are removed in 10 minutes and the face made to look pleasant once again.*
6. Lines from Nose to Mouth:	*Removed in 15 minutes.*
7. Saddle Nose:	*Corrected in 30 minutes into a perfect straight nose.*
8 Outstanding Ears:	*Set back in one hour.*
9. Receding Chin:	*Corrected in 15 minutes.*
Etc.	*Etc.* *Etc.*

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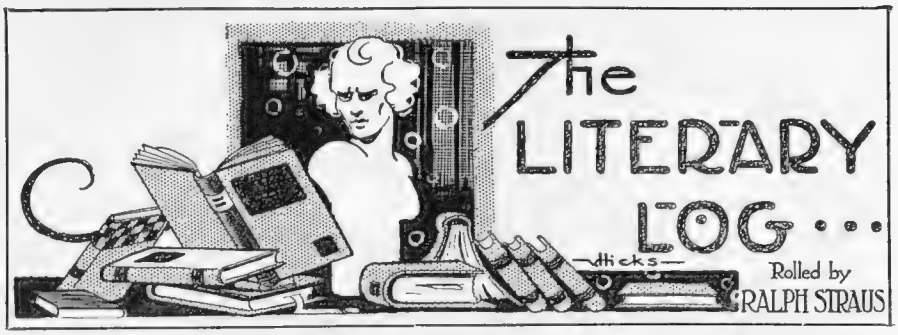

IT was a joyous day when Miss Belinda Blinders, Authoress, met Captain Desmond Coke. History does not relate the manner of their meeting, but meet they did, and, although years have passed since the last production of their joint pens appeared, they are still to be found in what is probably the most astonishing collaboration ever effected. In a note to the lady's latest romance, *The Nouveau Poor* (Chapman and Hall: 5*s.* net), there are sundry details which shed not a little light on her methods.

SHE confesses that she is still true to her "first *maestro* Ouida," and admits that neither to Experience nor to her Editor does she owe her "insight into this so-called 'gay' world's existence." Indeed, we learn that her Editor is only brought into the business these days out of gratitude; he helped her to find a publisher for her *Sandford of Merton*, and, like the generous woman she is, she wants "to help him along now." Admirable Belinda! I am sure she will like to be assured by one of those nasty male critics that her work cannot help being a joy for ever, and, therefore (no doubt like herself), a thing of beauty.

THIS new romance is slap-bang up to date, if so vulgar an expression may be used; and, following the lead of her latest "*maestro*," Miss Dorothy Richardson, she sees no reason ever to change her hero. And so our old friend, Ralph Sandford, probably the most gentlemanly man ever born, once again appears on the stage—an ex-Captain this time, a V.C., an O.B.E. (thrice), and free, but, alas! without means to be free on. What is to be done?

STIFLING his feelings, the brave Ralph puts on a footman's livery and enters the service of a rascally ex-profiteer turned baronet and his ambitious and highly titled lady. Their beautiful daughter belongs to the really smart set, and poor Ralph is obliged to escort her to all the gilded haunts of vice. Heroically he endeavours to reclaim her from so shocking a life, and after the most extraordinary adventures, including unheard-of success at billiards and polo, he triumphs in quite the old style.

CAPTAIN COKE has written a genuinely funny book. You think, perhaps, on seeing its bright yellow covers, "Oh, yes, but we have had this kind of thing before, and there can be too much of a good thing"; but the author of *The Bending of a Twig* is far too cunning to run any such risk. *The Nouveau Poor* has not a chapter too much, and it becomes steadily funnier as you continue. There is a description towards the end of a polo match which is superbly ridiculous. I read it aloud to a friend, who, as it happens, is a keen polo-player himself. He sat on my carpet and howled with laughter until the tears came, tears which, I am sure, would have gratified Miss Belinda had she been present. And the billiards match is almost as good. The Editor of *The Nouveau Poor* may be unnecessary to Miss Blinders, but I make the suggestion that he had better be kept on if, as seems likely, the last of Ralph's adventures remain to be told. A particular word of praise, too, must be given to Mr. John Nash, whose illustrations are extraordinarily apt. Indeed, I know of hardly anyone else who could have interpreted the authoress's conception so well.

YOU would suppose that by this time most sources of information about historical events and historical personages would have been tapped. Mr. Lyell Reade's recent discovery about the ancestry

WHY NOT? By W. E. WIGFULL

"Well, it's killed THEM. I've a jolly good mind to try it on the other!"

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

of Dr. Johnson—it was set forth in the *Times Literary Supplement*—is proof to the contrary. And the old newspapers, particularly their advertisements, still remain a fruitful terrain for exploration. There is, however, another source—manuscripts. It seems the fact that however industrious the old compilers were they rarely were able (or willing) to transcribe a manuscript accurately, or even make proper use of it. Old manuscripts have a nasty habit of being expensive these days, but the lucky man may still have a "find," and if he have the *flair* should make good use of his discovery.

⁂ ⁂

SUCH a man, I like to think, is Reginald Hine, whose book, *The Cream of Curiosity* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), is cunningly compounded from manuscripts in his possession. Mr. Hine is about as well-equipped for his task as any man could be. He is well-read, has a judicious pen, knows what is important and what merely trivial, delights in wit and good humour, and simply ignores all the modern bustle and rush and half-baked inanities which, in some quarters, pass muster for learning. He is the leisured scholar talking of his manuscripts and recreating the periods to which they belong.

STANLEY LUPINO
Who is appearing in the new Wylie-Tate revue at the Hippodrome next week, "The Peep Show; a Topical Fantasia." But why not "Lupin the Loop"?

⁂ ⁂

RARELY, indeed, for instance, has our own Civil War, usually so dryasdustic, been given so vital a presentation as Mr. Hine obtains from his Heath papers. The whole war comes to light from these memoirs of a royalist family. So, too, you have a fresh picture of Sir Thomas More emerging quite naturally from an old MS. now on Mr. Hine's shelves. Then there is the pocket-book of "King" Monmouth, sufficient material for as delightful an essay as you could ask for. Indeed, the whole book is a delight, and Mr. Hine's readers may be as well pleased with his manuscripts as he is himself. *The Cream of Curiosity* is no dull compilation, but a real live thing of letters which should not be missed.

R. S.

Interesting War Impressions

Impressions of War experiences are at their best when they are perfectly unbiassed. A book by "The Mad Mullah," who served from the summer of 1914, describes vividly and with a quiet humour the War as seen by a Territorial from the earliest days. *One of the Lambs* (H. Bryant and Sons: 3*s.*) should be widely read and appreciated.

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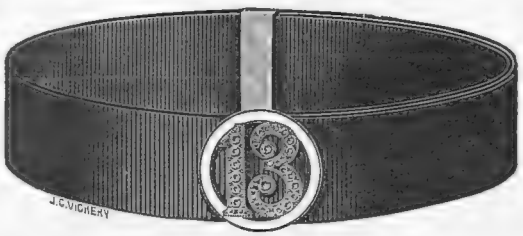

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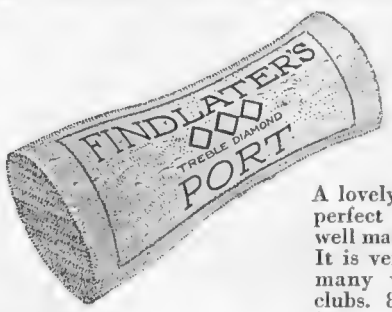

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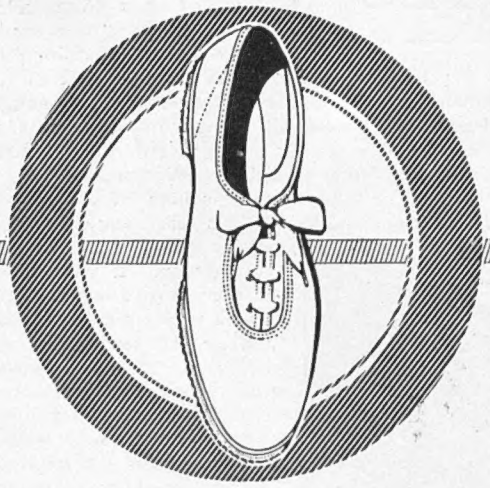

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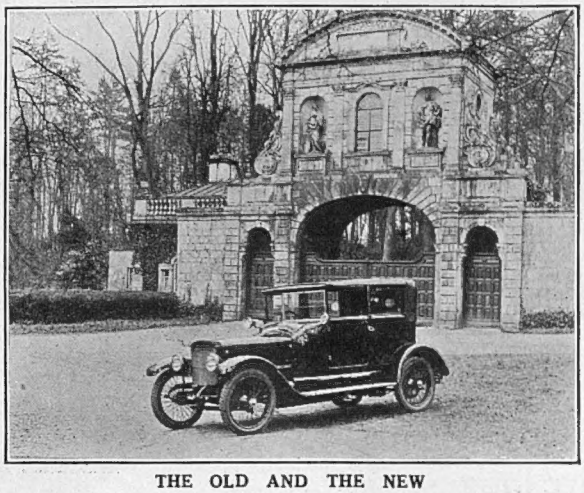
MOTOR·NOTES

My friends in the U.S.A. write and tell me that the cheap cars are the ones that are not selling easily now as only the very rich are buying, and they naturally purchase the better class and more expensive vehicles. The truth is that only those few people whose incomes largely exceed their expenditure are buyers to-day, anywhere, as the present prices of stocks are so down no one dares to sell out to buy goods with the money as the loss they will incur makes the cheapest car very costly. That is why Bill Pratt's idea of hiring out motor-cycles, with or without side-cars, and small cars from Maude's Motor Mart, which you are allowed to drive yourself, has caught on so well this Easter. You can hire a light car for £12 a week and cheaper if for a longer period, while a 'bike for a week-end from Friday to Monday only costs 42*s.* 6*d.* There is only one condition that somewhat puzzles me how they are going to prove the fact, and that is the hirer must have held a driving licence for at least a year. But there, that's their trouble, so why should I worry.

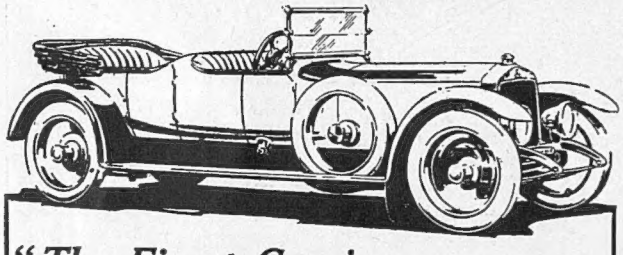
Most cars have their own peculiarities, and a very common one is not starting up from dead cold as easily as their owners would like them to. In order to better this fault the Zenith carburetter makers are fitting an air "strangler" on the Zeniths supplied to the Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley cars, which is doing the trick nicely. No more need for stuffing an old rag in the air inlet when you try to start in the morning, the strangler comes into action and the engine starts up first turn. I strongly advise all owners of small cars of whatever make fitted with Zeniths to get this new adjustment fitted, as it is a great saving of a constant annoyance. Also as spring gifts ought to be given in pairs here is another tip. If you have a leather hood on your car which wants renewing don't replace it with leather, get it done in imitation substitute. The reasons are twofold, but I will give you the best one first. Real leather always cracks and peels off the black shiny surface in the folds where it shuts up sooner or later, and usually sooner, I know, for I've just got one. The imitation stuff looks just as well on the outside as the real article, and does not crack or peel off its shining outside coat of black or mark at all, however carelessly it may be folded back. And secondly and lastly, it is cheaper and better value for the money, and I wish I had found someone to give me

(*Continued on page 62*)



THE OLD AND THE NEW

A light "Thirty" Daimler Coupé Cabriolet outside Temple Bar. Considerable interest has been aroused in the suggestion that this historic landmark should be restored to the City, although, if it were an obstruction in the Victorian days, it would be still more so to-day in view of the enormous growth of automobile traffic



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"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch," Nov. 4, '20. "After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value-for-money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value-for-money'.."—W. H. Berry.

The same writer states in the "Evening Standard," Mar. 4, '21. "After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

THIS IS THE NEW PRICE OF THE

16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ

DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company; the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16-h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "value-fo-money" policy, which gives its customers the *immediate* benefit of the improved industrial outlook.

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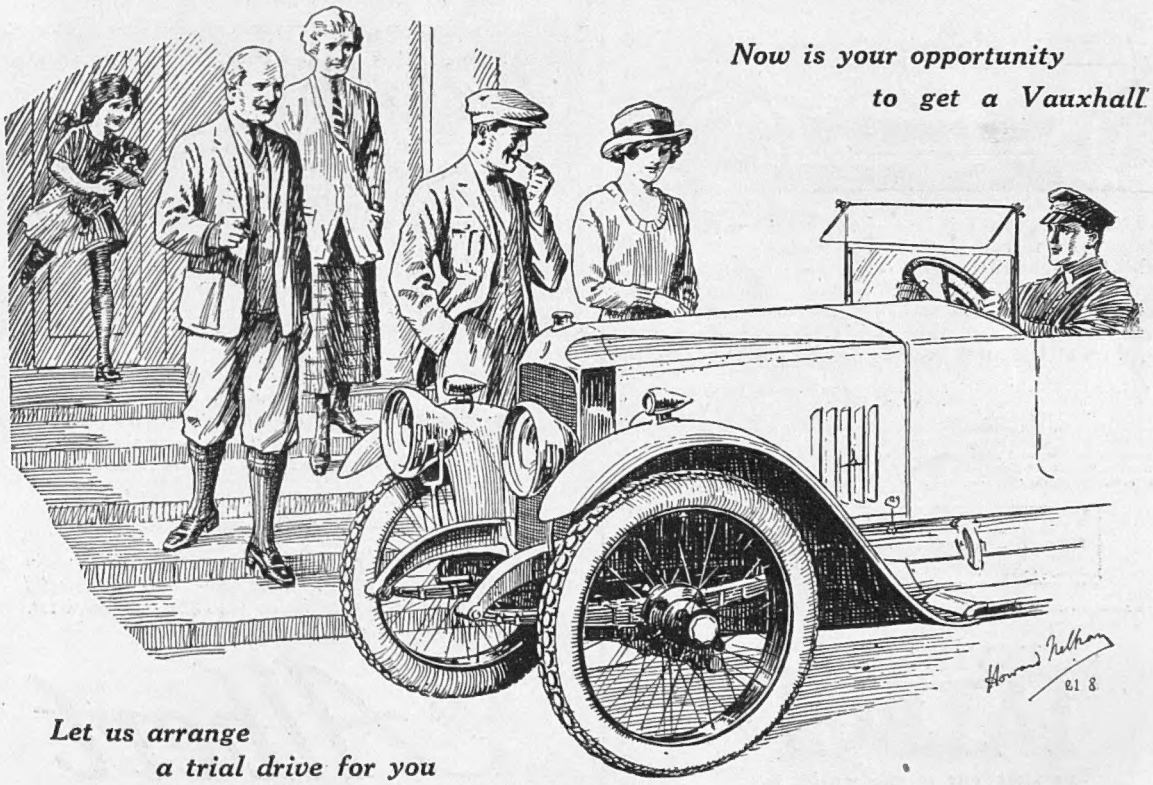

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

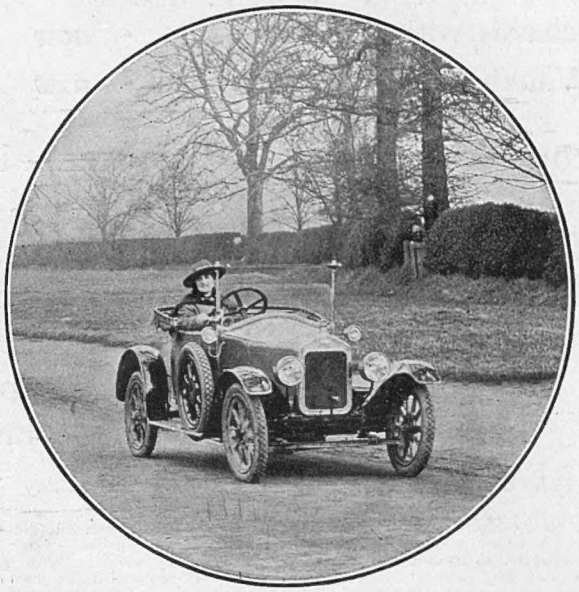
this experience without having to pay for it my own self. Ah! me.

* * *

ANOTHER piece of news a friend who has just returned from the U.S.A. told me this week, is that to-day nine-tenths of the cars bought in that country are sold on the hire-purchase system. It's so easy that it seems like money for nothing. In fact, I expect unless bank balances swell faster in the future than they do at present our car merchants will try the same game upon us as their *confrères* are doing in New York and other States.

* * *

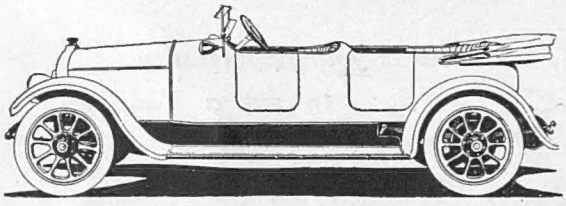
HIRE-PURCHASE there is run on the system of taking about 30 per cent. for the loan of the money without the poor guy knowing it. It's worked thuswise. I want to buy a car costing, say, £600, so I tell the salesman I want it on hire-purchase agreement. He smiles pleasantly, and agrees, but says that I must pay 6 per cent. extra on the cost, that is £636, and one-third cash down, namely, £212, and the balance of £424 in six monthly instalments of £70 13*s.* 4*d.* each. Six per cent. extra for the accommodation does not seem much, does it? But just think for a moment. First, it's not 6 per cent. on £600, the original price of the car that you are paying, it's £36 on £424 as you pay £212 when the car is handed to you after signing the agreement. So it's about 72 per cent. for the first month, 36 per cent. for the second, down to 12 per cent. on the last instalment, which, when paid, you buy the car for one shilling. Which may astonish some of my readers, who think that after paying all the instalments the car is then the hirer's property. No, sirree, that guy has just been hiring that car at the stated rate per month, but the agreement provides that after so many payments he shall be entitled to buy it outright for the sum of one shilling.



A WOLSELEY "TEN"
On the road at Castle Bromwich

* * *

NOW if I had about £10,000 lying idle at this moment or could pinch it off someone else, my word! I would just chuck writing motor whizz-bangs and go straight into the motor hire-purchase business, that is to say, the financing end of it, as it's "heads I win, tails you lose," all the time. As the references are taken up and must be gilt-edge ones to pass muster, while the financier (that's me in imagination) makes the motor agent who sells the car endorse the promissory notes or bills of his hire-purchasing customer, so he has both guys to shoot at for his money, as well as the car itself for security. Oh! it's a lovely business, and I can see lots of people coming into it in the next year or so, but don't say I have not made you car-buyers wise on what you really do have to pay. OLD HY.



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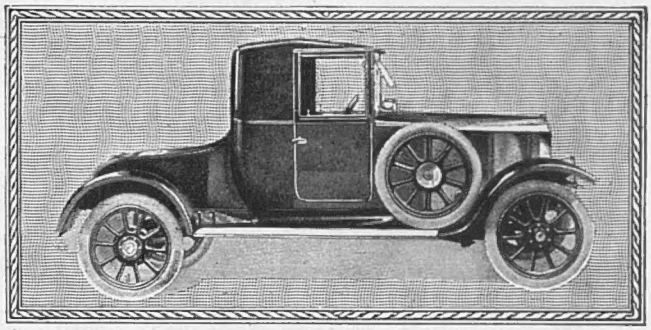

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